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WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL PREFACES.

BY

DR. AIKIN.

in Ten Volumes. VOL.VIII.



L O N D O N .

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# EDWARD YOUNG.

*Continued.*

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## THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

## *NIGHT-THOUGHTS.*

---

## NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

## THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

- I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.
- II. A Night Address to the Deity.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, ONE OF HIS  
MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

— Fatis contraria fata rependens. — VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day past  
In painful search of what he cannot find,  
At night's approach, content with the next cot,  
There ruminates, awhile, his labour lost ;  
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,

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And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,  
 Till the due season calls him to repose :  
 Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,  
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,  
 Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career ;  
 Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,  
 At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;  
 Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,  
 And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,  
 I chase the moments with a serious song.  
 Song soothes our pains ; and age has pains to soothe.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at  
 heart, [shade,  
 Torn from my bleeding breast, and *death's* dark  
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;  
 Canst thou, *O Night !* indulge one labour more ?  
 One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !  
 Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,  
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,  
 cease ;  
 To bear a part in everlasting lays ;  
 Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,  
 Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures pure*,  
 Like those above ; exploding other joys ?  
 Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;  
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?  
 I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.  
 But if, beneath the favour of mistake,  
 Thy smile 's sincere ; not more sincere can be  
 Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.  
 The sick in *body* call for aid ; the sick

In *mind* are covetous of more disease ;  
And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite ~~well~~.  
To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.  
When *nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,  
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,  
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes* ;  
The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;  
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,  
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet,)  
And throw aside our *senses* with our peace.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy ;  
Grant joy and glory quite unsully'd shone ;  
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.  
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,  
But, through the thin partition of an hour,  
I see its sables wove by *destiny* ;  
And *that* in sorrow buried ; *this*, in shame ;  
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell ;  
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst bear  
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where, the prime actors of the last *year's* scene ;  
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?  
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*  
With lustre, and with noise ! Has *Death* proclaim'd  
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ?  
'T is brandish'd still ; nor shall the *present year*  
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,  
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought ;  
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality,  
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,  
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.

What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*  
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,  
 The well-stain'd canvass, or the featur'd stone?  
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.  
*Joy* peoples her pavilion from the dead.

“ *Profest diversions*! — cannot these escape?” —  
 Far from it : these present us with a shroud ;  
 And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.  
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,  
 We ransack tombs for *pastime* ; from the dust  
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread  
 The scene for our amusement : how like gods  
 We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality,  
 Shed generous tears on wretches born to die ;  
*Their* fate deplored, to forget *our own* !  
 What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,  
 But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,  
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,  
 From friends interr'd beneath, a rich manure !  
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;  
 Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know  
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world !  
 What is the world itself? *Thy* world — a grave.  
 Where is the dust that has not been alive ?  
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;  
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.  
 The globe around Earth's hollow surface shakes,  
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.  
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;  
 Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.  
 The *moist* of human frame the Sun exhales ;

Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry* ;  
Earth reposseses part of what she gave,  
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire ;  
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils ;  
As Nature, wide, our ruins spread : man's *death*  
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires,  
His tomb is mortal ; empires die : where now  
The Roman ? Greek ? they stalk, an empty name !  
Yet few regard them in this useful light ;  
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.  
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,  
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,  
*O Death !* I stretch my view ; what visions rise !  
What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !  
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !  
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high  
With human agitation, roll along  
In unsubstantial images of air !  
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,  
With penitential aspect, as they pass,  
All point at Earth, and hiss at human pride,  
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,  
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,  
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,  
And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world  
I see the mighty shadow : oozy wreath  
And dismal sea-weed crown her ; o'er her urn  
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,  
And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophesies

*Another's* dissolution, soon, in flames.  
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain ;  
In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,  
The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?  
*Deluge* and *conflagration*, dreadful powers !  
Prime ministers of vengeance ! chain'd in caves  
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;  
Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,  
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage  
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.  
But not for *this* ordain'd their boundless rage ;  
When Heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,  
*War, famine, pestilence*, are found too weak  
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,  
*These* are let loose, alternate : down they rush,  
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,  
With irresistible commission arm'd,  
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,  
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

See'st thou, Lorenzo ! what depends *on* man ?  
The *fate* of Nature ; as for man, her *birth*.  
*Earth's* actors change *Earth's* transitory scenes,  
And make creation groan with human guilt.  
How must it groan, in a new *deluge* whelm'd,  
But not of waters ! at the destin'd hour,  
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
See, all the formidable sons of fire,  
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play  
Their various engines ; all at once disgorge  
Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,  
*This* poor *terrestrial* citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height  
Out-burns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour  
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;  
Stars rush ; and final *ruin* fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation ! — while aloft,  
More than astonishment ! if more *can* be !  
Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,  
Than e'er was thought by man ! far other *stars* !  
Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;  
Far other *sun* ! — A sun, O how unlike  
The babe at Bethlem ! how unlike the man  
That groan'd on Calvary ! — Yet *he* it is ;  
That Man of Sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what pomp !  
In grandeur terrible, all Heaven descends !  
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.  
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,  
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace  
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.  
And now, all dross remov'd, Heaven's own pure day,  
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.  
While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !  
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,  
And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws  
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.  
Lorenzo ! welcome to this scene ; the last  
In Nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought.  
*This* strikes, if aught can strike thee ; *this* awakes  
The most supine ; *this* snatches man from death.  
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,  
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,  
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.  
I find my inspiration in my theme ;  
The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,  
 And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams ;  
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,  
 At midnight, 't is presum'd this pomp will burst  
 From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark  
 From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain, the blaze.  
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !  
 The day is broke, which never more shall close !  
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all !  
 Terrour and glory join'd in their extremes !  
 Our God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire !  
 All Nature struggling in the pangs of death !  
 Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore  
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?  
 Where are *we now* ? Ah me ! the ground is gone  
 On which we stood : Lorenzo ! while thou may'st,  
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !  
 Where ? How ? From whence ? Vain hope ! it is too  
 late !  
 Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
 When consternation turns the *good man* pale ?  
 Great day ! for which all other days were made ;  
 For which *Earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *Earth* ;  
 And an eternity, the date of Gods,  
 Descended on poor earth-created man !  
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair !  
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish  
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ;  
 And catches at each reed of hope in Heaven.  
 At thought of thee ! — and art thou *absent* then ?  
 Lorenzo ! no ; 't is here ; it is begun ; —  
 Already is begun the grand assize,

In thee, in all : deputed conscience scales  
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;  
Forestalls ; and, by forstalling, proves it *sure*.  
Why on himself should man void judgment pass ?  
Is idle *Nature* laughing at her sons ?  
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,  
And God above assert that god in man.  
Thrice happy they ! that enter *now* the court  
Heaven opens in their bosoms : but, how rare,  
Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !  
What hero, like the man who stands himself ;  
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;  
Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,  
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there ?  
The coward flies ; and, flying, is undone.  
(Art thou a coward ? No :) the coward flies ;  
Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to *know* ;  
Asks, “ *What is truth ?* ” with Pilate ; and retires ;  
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng ;  
Asylum sad ! from reason, hope, and Heaven !  
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,  
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man ?  
O day of consummation ! mark supreme  
(If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least,  
Or in the sight of angels, or their King !  
*Angels*, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,  
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,  
As in a theatre, surround this scene,  
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.  
*Angels* look out for thee ; for thee, their Lord,  
To vindicate his glory ; and for thee,  
*Creation* universal calls aloud,

To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give  
To *Nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,  
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?  
I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !  
All *Nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round !  
All *deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing !  
All basking in the full meridian blaze !  
I see the Judge enthron'd ! the flaming guard !  
The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !  
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought ;  
No patron ! intercessor none ! now past  
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !  
For guilt no plea ! to pain, no pause ! no bound !  
Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !

Nor man alone ; the foe of God and man,  
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,  
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd :  
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.  
All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace :  
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll  
His baleful eyes ; he curses whom he dreads ;  
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'T is *present* to my thought ! — and yet where is it ?  
*Angels* can't tell me ; angels cannot *guess*  
The *period* ; from *created* beings lock'd  
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,  
Are less obscure ; for these may *man* inquire.  
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !  
Great key of hearts ! great finisher of fates !  
Great end ! and great beginning ! say, Where art thou ?

Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity* ?  
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.  
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,  
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)  
As in debate, how best their powers ally'd,  
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,  
Of *him*, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd  
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head ;  
His lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath  
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons  
From their long slumber ! from Earth's heaving  
womb,

To second birth ! contemporary throng !  
Rous'd at one call, upstarted from one bed,  
Prest in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,  
He turns them o'er, *Eternity ! to thee.*  
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)  
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;  
His greatest foe falls with him ; *Time*, and he  
Who murder'd all *Time's* offspring, *Death*, expire.

Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone !  
Aweful eternity ! offended queen !  
And her resentment to mankind, how just !  
With kind intent, soliciting access,  
How often has she knock'd at human hearts !  
Rich to repay their hospitality,  
How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !  
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !  
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome *there* !  
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.  
For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,

As thrice from Indus to the frozen Pole,  
 With banners streaming as the *comet's* blaze,  
 And clarions, louder than the *deep*, in storms,  
 Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,  
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,  
 Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,  
 Wide, as *creation*! populous, as wide!  
 A neutral region! there to mark th' event  
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes  
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a length  
 Of ages, ripening to this grand result;  
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;  
 Who now pronouncing sentence, vindicates  
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,  
 Assigns the sever'd throug distinct abodes,  
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial: what ensues?  
 The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!  
 Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heaven of Heaven.  
 The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns  
 Her adamantine key's enormous size  
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,  
 Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.  
 Then, from the crystal battlements of Heaven,  
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,  
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,  
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.  
 The deep resounds; and Hell, through all her  
 glooms,  
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies!  
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake

The whole *etherial* ! How the concave rings !  
Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;  
And louder far, than when *creation* rose.  
To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,  
So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !  
To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act  
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.  
No fancy'd god, a god *indeed*, descends,  
To solve all *knots* ; to strike the *moral* home ;  
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time* ;  
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.  
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,  
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause !  
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

*What then am I ? —*

Amidst applauding worlds,  
And worlds celestial, is there found on Earth,  
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,  
Which jars on the grand chorus, and *complains* ?  
*Censure on thee*, Lorenzo ! I suspend,  
And turn it on *myself* ; how greatly due !  
All, all is *right*, by God ordain'd or done ;  
And who, but God, resum'd the friends *he* gave ?  
And have I been *complaining*, then, so long ?  
*Complaining of his favours, pain, and death* ?  
Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good ?  
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain ?  
Pain is to save from *pain* ; all punishment,  
To make for *peace* ; and death to save from *death* ;  
And second death, to guard immortal life ;  
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,  
And turn the tide of souls another way ;

By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,  
 That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man  
 A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene ;  
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.

All evils *natural* are *moral* goods ;

All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.

*None* are unhappy : *all* have cause to smile,  
 But such as to themselves that cause deny.

Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains* ;

>Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source

Of endless sighs : we *sin*, or we *mistake* ;

And *Nature* tax, when *false opinion* stings.

Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd ;

But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim,

Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,

Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.

Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts ;

'T is joy, and conquest ; joy, and virtue too.

A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights

Heaven, Earth, ourselves ; 't is duty, glory, peace.

*Affliction* is the good man's shining scene ;

*Prosperity* conceals his brightest ray ;

As *night* to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.

Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,

And virtue in calamities, admire ;

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy ;

An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,

And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'T is a prime part of happiness, to know

How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot ;

A part which *few* possess ! I'll pay life's tax,

Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,  
Nor think it misery to be a *man* ;  
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.  
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke *proud passion* ? — “ Wish my being  
lost \* ? ”

Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !  
The triumph of my soul is — That I am ;  
And therefore that I *may be* — *what* ? Lorenzo !  
Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;  
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs  
In golden veins, through all eternity !  
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still  
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,  
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,  
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,  
And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;  
And (if deserv'd) by Heaven's redundant love,  
Made half-adorable itself, adore ;  
And find, in adoration, endless joy !  
Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,  
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,  
May'st boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd  
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.  
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,  
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,  
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.  
No man too largely from Heaven's love can hope,  
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

\* Referring to the First Night.

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Ills? — there are none: — *All-gracious!* none  
from *thee*;

From *man* full many! numerous is the race  
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,  
Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty*;  
Heaven's daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone  
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,  
First barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,  
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,  
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;  
Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions, *guides*,  
Assisting, not restraining, *reason*'s choice;  
Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*.  
From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;  
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.  
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,  
"Do this; fly that" — nor always tells the cause;  
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,  
A conduct needful to their own repose.  
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* survey'd,  
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)  
What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust?  
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;  
Or this alone — "*That none is to be found.*"  
Not one, to soften *censure*'s hardy crime;  
Not one, to palliate peevish *grief*'s complaint,  
Who like a *demon*, murmuring from the dust,  
Dares into judgment call her Judge. — Supreme!  
For *all* I bless thee; most, for the *severe*;  
Her \* death — *my own* at hand — the fiery gulf,

\* Lucia.

That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !  
 It thunders ; — but it thunders to preserve ;  
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread  
 Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans  
 Join Heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,  
 Great source of good *alone* ! How kind in all !  
 In vengeance kind ! *pain, death, gehenna, save.*

Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind* !  
 Not that alone which *solaces, and shines,*  
 The *rough and gloomy*, challenges our praise.  
 The *winter* is as needful as the *spring* ;  
 The *thunder*, as the *Sun* ; a stagnant mass  
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air ;  
 Nor more propitious the *Favonian breeze*  
 To Nature's health, than purifying storms ;  
 The dread *volcano* ministers to good.  
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.  
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man ;  
*Comets* good omens are when duly scann'd ;  
 And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd ;  
 Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,  
 Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.  
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,  
 Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"  
 'T is Heaven's last effort of good will to man ;  
 When *pain* can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.  
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,  
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;  
 Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart ;  
*Reason* absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.  
 May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,

'Till it has taught him how to bear it well,  
By previous pain ; and made it *safe to smile* !  
*Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain* ;  
Nor hazard their extinctions, from excess.  
My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands ;  
The consolation cancels the complaint,  
And makes a convert of my guilty song.  
And when o'erlabour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,  
A panting traveller some rising ground,  
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,  
And measures with his eye the various vales,  
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past ;  
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,  
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil ;  
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent  
The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ;  
Various, extensive, beaten but by few ;  
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,  
Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,  
Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.  
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,  
The muse has stray'd ; and much of *sorrow* seen  
In human ways ; and much of *false* and *vain* ;  
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.  
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept ;  
Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd ;  
Prov'd man *immortal* ; show'd the *source of joy* ;  
The *grand tribunal* rais'd ; assign'd the bounds  
Of *human grief* : in *few*, to close the whole,  
The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,  
Though not in form, nor with a *Raphael-stroke*,  
Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,

In this our land of travel and of hope,  
For peace on *Earth*, or prospect of the *skies*.

## O majestic Night !

*Nature's great ancestor ! day's elder-born !*

And fated to survive the transient Sun !

By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe !

A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,

An azure zone, thy waist ; clouds, in Heaven's loom  
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,  
In ample folds of drapery divine,  
Thy flowing mantle form ; and Heaven throughout,  
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

Thy gloomy grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,

Inspiring aspect !) claim a grateful verse ;

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,

Drawn o'er my 'labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man ! so *worthy* to be sung ?

## What more prepares us for the songs of Heaven?

*Creation, of archangels is the theme !*

What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well

Celestial joys prepare us to sustain ?  
The soul of man, his face design'd to see  
*Who* gave these wonders to be seen by man,  
Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,  
On which to dwell ; to stretch to that expanse  
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height  
Of admiration, to contract that awe,  
And give her whole capacities that strength,  
Which best may qualify for *final* joy.  
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *Earth*,  
The deeper draught shall they receive of *Heaven*.  
Heaven's King ! whose face unveil'd consum-  
mates bliss ;  
Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void,  
The whole creation leaves in human hearts !  
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,  
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,  
And set his harp in concert with the spheres ;  
While of thy works *material* the supreme  
I dare attempt, assist my daring song :  
Loose me from *Earth*'s enclosure, from the *Sun*'s  
*Contracted* circle set my heart at large ;  
Eliminate my spirit, give it range  
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd ;  
Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,  
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.  
Teach me with *art* great Nature to controul,  
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*.  
Feel I thy kind assent ? and shall the *Sun*  
Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song ?  
Lorenzo ! come, and warm thee : thou, whose heart,  
Whose *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook

Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.  
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port ;  
I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.  
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main ;  
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore ;  
And whence thou mayst import *eternal* wealth ;  
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.  
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms ?  
Thou *stranger* to the *world* ! thy tour *begin* ;  
Thy tour through *Nature*'s universal orb.  
*Nature* delineates her whole chart at large,  
On sparing souls, that sail among the spheres ;  
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole !  
Who circles spacious *Earth*, then travels *here*,  
Shall own, he never was from *home* before !  
Come, my Prometheus \*, from thy pointed rock  
Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we 'll mount ;  
We 'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,  
And kindle our devotion at the *stars* ;  
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,  
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail  
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,  
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge  
That forms the crooked lightning ; above the caves  
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,  
And tune their tender voices to that roar,  
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world ;  
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,  
Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze ;

\* Night the Eighth.

Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.  
 Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,  
 Blighted by blasts of *Earth's* unwholesome air,  
 Will blossom *here*; spread all her faculties  
 To these bright ardours; every power unfold,  
 And rise into sublimities of thought.  
 Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *Nature's* birth,  
 Thus their commission ran — “Be kind to *man*.”  
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller! [fail.  
 The *stars* will light thee, though the *Moon* should  
 Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!  
 In ways immoral? The *stars* call thee back;  
 And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it? — Weigh'd aright,  
 'T is *Nature's* system of divinity,  
 And every student of the *night* inspires.  
 'T is *elder* scripture, writ by *God's* own hand:  
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by *man*.  
 Lorenzo! with my *radius* (the rich gift  
 Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee  
 Its various lessons; some that may surprise  
 An un-adept in mysteries of *night*;  
 Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,  
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.  
 Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;  
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here  
 Exists *indeed*; — a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here*? — Th' existence of a *God*?  
 Yes; and of other beings, *man* above;  
 Natives of *ether*! Sons of higher *climes*!  
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,  
 Eternity is written in the skies.

And whose eternity ? — Lorenzo ! *thine* ;  
*Mankind's* eternity. Nor faith alone,  
Virtue grows here ; *here* springs the sovereign cure  
Of almost every vice ; but chiefly *thine* ;  
*Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.*

Lorenzo ! thou canst wake at midnight too,  
Though not on *moral* bent : *ambition, pleasure !*  
Those tyrants I for thee so lately \* fought,  
Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.  
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,  
And the Sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day ;  
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,  
Commencing one of our *Antipodes* !  
In thy nocturnal rove one moment halt,  
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal ;  
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,  
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heaven)  
'To yonder stars : for other ends they shine,  
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,  
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,  
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,  
Which set the living firmament on fire,  
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm  
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,  
Rushes Omnipotence ? — To curb our *pride* ;  
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,  
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light ;  
To draw up man's *ambition to himself*,  
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.

\* Night the Eighth.

Thus the three virtues, least alive on Earth,  
And welcom'd on Heaven's coast with most ap-  
plause,  
An *humble, pure, and heavenly-minded* heart,  
Are *here* inspir'd : — And canst thou gaze too long ?

Nor stands thy *wrath*, depriv'd of its reproof,  
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.

The planets of each system represent  
Kind neighbours ; mutual amity prevails ;  
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd ;  
Enlightening, and enlighten'd ! All, at once  
Attracting, and attracted ! Patriot-like,  
None sins against the welfare of the whole ;  
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,  
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.  
Nothing in Nature, much less *conscious* being,  
Was e'er created solely for itself :  
Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this  
*Material* picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,  
Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of men !  
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found  
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres ;  
'T is *Nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,  
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.  
Wilt thou not feel the bias *Nature* gave ?  
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,  
And seize thy brother's throat ? — For what — a  
    *clod*,

An inch of *earth* ? The *planets* cry, “ Forbear ! ”  
They chase our double darkness ; *Nature's* gloom,  
And (*kinder* still !) our *intellectual* night.

And see, *Day*'s amiable sister sends  
Her invitation, in the softest rays  
Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,  
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.  
*Night* grants thee the full freedom of the skies,  
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye ;  
With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.  
*Night* opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,  
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,  
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart ;  
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy ;  
And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.  
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,  
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,  
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel ?  
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck  
(*Stupor* ordain'd to make her truly wise !)  
Then into transport starting from her trance,  
With love, and admiration, how she glows !  
This gorgeous apparatus ! this display !  
This ostentation of creative power !  
This theatre ! — what eye can take it in ?  
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,  
For minds of the first magnitude to launch  
In endless speculation, and adore ?  
*One* sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine :  
And light us deep into the Deity ;  
How boundless in magnificence and might !  
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,  
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of Heaven,  
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !

Nor tarries *there* ; I feel it at my *heart*.  
 My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts ;  
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.  
 Who sees it unexalted ? or unaw'd ?  
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?  
 Material offspring of Omnipotence !  
 Inanimate, all-animating birth !  
 Work worthy *him* who made it ! worthy praise !  
 All praise ! praise *more* than human ! nor deny'd  
 Thy praise *divine* ! — But though man, drown'd in  
 sleep,  
 Withholds his homage, not *alone* I wake ;  
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
 By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,  
 In this his universal temple hung  
 With lustres, with innumerable lights,  
 That shed religion on the soul : at once,  
 The *temple*, and the *preacher* ! O how loud  
 It calls devotion ! genuine growth of *night* !  
 Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !  
 An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.  
 True, all things speak a God ; but in the small,  
 Men trace out *him* ; in great, *he* seizes man ;  
 Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills  
 With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.  
 Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all  
 Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants ! What is it ?  
 What are these sons of wonder ? Say, proud arch,  
 (Within whose azure palaces they dwell,)  
 Built with divine ambition ! in disdain  
 Of limit built ! built in the taste of Heaven !  
 Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou design'd

A meet apartment for the Deity? —

Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,  
Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,  
And straitens thy *diffusive*; dwarfs the whole,  
And makes an universe an *orrey*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,  
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,  
O *Nature*! wide flies off the expanding round.  
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,  
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;  
The vast displosion dissipates the clouds;  
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;  
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,  
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,  
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd  
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume  
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,  
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,  
Such god-like glory, stole the style of gods,  
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense*;  
For, sure, to *sense*, they truly are divine;  
And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt;  
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was  
In those, who put forth all they had of *man*  
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;  
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought  
What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount!  
And are there, then, Lorenzo! those, to whom  
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?  
And if incomprehensible is join'd,  
Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe*?

Why has the mighty builder thrown aside  
 All measure in his work ; stretch'd out his line  
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?  
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)  
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,  
 Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,  
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene ? —  
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement  
 For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.  
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what  
 His hand has form'd ? Shall *mysteries* descend  
 From *un-mysterious* ? Things more elevate,  
 Be more familiar ? Uncreated lie  
 More obvious than created, to the grasp  
 Of human thought ? The *more* of wonderful  
 Is heard in *him*, the *more* we should assent.  
 Could we conceive *him*, God he could not be ;  
 Or *he* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.  
 A God alone can comprehend a God ;  
 Man's distance how immense ! On such a theme,  
 Know this, Lorenzo ! (seem it ne'er so strange)  
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds* ;  
 Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.  
 The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,  
 And every star sheds light upon thy creed.  
 These stars, this furniture, this cost of Heaven,  
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd ;  
 But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.  
 The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,  
 In *reason*'s court, to silence *unbelief*.  
 How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes  
 The moral emanations of the skies,

While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires !  
Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds  
To tell us, *he* resides above them all,  
In glory's unapproachable recess ?  
And dare *Earth's* bold inhabitants deny  
The sumptuous, the magnific embassy  
A moment's audience ? Turn we, nor will hear  
From whom they come, or what they would impart  
For man's emolument ; sole cause that stoops  
Their grandeur to man's eye ? Lorenzo ! rouse ;  
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,  
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.  
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd ?  
Renounces *reason*, or a God adores ?  
Mankind was sent into the world to *see* :  
Sight gives the science needful to their peace ;  
That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.  
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?  
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?  
Or travel history's enormous round ?  
*Nature* no such hard task enjoins : she gave  
A make to man directive of his thought ;  
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,  
As who shall say, " Read thy chief lesson there."  
Too late to read this manuscript of Heaven,  
When, like a parchment-scroll shrunk up by flames,  
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various ! Not the God alone,  
I see his *ministers* : I see, diffus'd  
In radiant orders, essences sublime,  
Of various offices, of various plume,  
In heavenly liveries distinctly clad,

Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,  
Or all commix'd ; they stand, with wings outspread,  
Listening to catch the master's least command,  
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends ;  
Numbers innumerable ! — Well conceiv'd  
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian* ! O'er each sphere  
Presides an angel, to direct its course,  
And feed, or fan, its flames ; or to discharge  
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see  
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,  
For which *alone* inanimate was made  
More sparingly dispens'd ? That nobler son,  
Far liker the great Sire ! — 'T is thus the *skies*  
Inform us of superiors numberless,  
As much in *excellence*, above mankind,  
As above *Earth*, in *magnitude*, the *spheres*.  
*These*, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us ;  
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ;  
Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend  
On every beam we see, to walk with men.  
Aweful reflection ! Strong restraint from ill !  
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid  
From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.  
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue *vault* ;  
With just attention is it view'd ? We feel  
A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought ;  
*Nature* herself does half the work of *man*.  
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,  
The promontory's height, the depth profound  
Of subterranean, excavated grotts,  
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide  
From *Nature*'s structure, or the scoop of *Time*,

If ample of dimension, vast of size, —  
E'en *these* an aggrandizing impulse give ;  
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights  
E'en *these* infuse. — But what of vast in *these* ?  
Nothing ; — or we must own the skies forgot.  
Much less in *art* ! — Vain *art* ! Thou pigmy power !  
How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,  
To show thy littleness ! What childish toys,  
Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds !  
Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !  
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men !  
Thy hundred-gated *capitals* ! or those  
Where three days' travel left us much to ride ;  
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,  
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,  
Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air !  
Or *temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way !  
Yet *these* affect us in no common kind.  
What then the force of such superior scenes ?  
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe :  
What awe from this the Deity has built !  
A *good man* seen, though silent, counsel gives :  
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise :  
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,  
*Here* we see something like the face of God.  
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo !  
To man abandon'd, “ *Hast thou seen the skies ?* ”  
And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design  
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe  
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation  
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts  
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars

See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom  
With front erect, that hide their head by day,  
And making night still *darker* by their deeds.  
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,  
*Rapine* and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.  
The miser earths his treasure ; and the thief,  
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.  
Now plots, and foul *conspiracies*, awake ;  
And, muffling up their horrors from the Moon,  
Havock and devastation they prepare,  
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.  
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.  
What shall I do ? — Suppress it ? or proclaim ? —  
Why *sleeps* the thunder ? Now, Lorenzo ! now,  
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer  
Ascends secure ; and laughs at gods and men.  
Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,  
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of Heaven ;  
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.  
Were Moon and stars for villains *only* made ?  
To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light ?  
No, they were made to fashion the sublime  
Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*. [liv'd  
Those ends were answer'd once ; when mortals  
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent  
In theory sublime. O how unlike  
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,  
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed !  
Those ancient sages, *human stars* ! they met  
Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour ;  
Their counsel ask'd ; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.  
The *Stagirite*, and *Plato*, he who drank

The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,  
 With him of Corduba (immortal names !)  
 In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,  
 An area fit for gods, and godlike men, [paths  
 They took their nightly round, through radiant  
 By seraphs trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,  
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;  
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.  
 There they contracted their contempt of *Earth* ;  
 Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire ;  
 There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew  
 (Great visitants !) more intimate with God,  
 More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.  
 Through various *virtues*, they, with ardour, ran  
 The *zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.

In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal !  
 A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer ! as much  
 Our *ardour* less, as greater is our *light*.  
 How monstrous this in *mortals* ! Scarce more strange  
 Would this *phenomenon* in *Nature* strike,  
 A *sun*, that froze her, or a *star*, that warm'd.  
 What taught these heroes of the moral world ?  
 To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too.  
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;  
 And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste. — They taught,  
 That narrow views betray to misery :  
 That wise it is to comprehend the whole :  
 That *virtue* rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,  
 The single base of *virtue* built to *Heaven* :  
 That *God* and *Nature* our attention claim :  
 That *Nature* is the glass reflecting *God*,  
 As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,

Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :  
*That mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims :  
*That boundless mind* affects a *boundless space* :  
*That* vast surveys, and the sublime of things,  
The soul assimilate, and make her great :  
*That*, therefore, Heaven her glories, as a fund  
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.  
*Such* are their doctrines ; *such* the night inspir'd.  
And what more true ? What truth of greater  
weight ?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;  
Delightful outlet of her prison *here* !  
*There*, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties  
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;  
*There*, freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
In full proportion let loose all her powers ;  
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.  
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;  
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays ;  
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own* ;  
Dives deep in their economy divine,  
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,  
And, like a master, judges not amiss.  
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul  
Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes  
More life, more vigour, in her native air ;  
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars ;  
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo ? —  
*As earth* the body, since the *skies* sustain  
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,  
*Call it*, the noble pasture of the *mind* :

Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,  
And riots through the luxuries of thought.

*Call it, the garden of the Deity,*  
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth  
Of fruit ambrosial ; *moral* fruit to man.

*Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-Priest,*  
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,  
In points of highest moment, right response ;  
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus have we found a *true* astrology ;  
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,  
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.  
O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall  
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,  
And rescued *monarchs* from so black a guilt !  
Bourbon ! this wish how generous in a foe ! [God,  
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a  
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,  
For mighty conquests on a needle's point ?  
Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,  
*Bastile* thy *tutor* : grandeur all thy aim ?  
As yet thou know'st not what it is : how great,  
How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,  
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll !  
And what it *seems*, it is : *great* objects make  
*Great* minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ;  
*Those* still more godlike, as *these* more divine.

And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see.  
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught  
Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel  
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end !  
An *Eden*, this ! a *Paradise unlast* !

I meet the Deity in every view,  
 And tremble at my nakedness before him !  
 O that I could but reach the *tree of life* !  
 For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste ;  
 No *flaming sword* denies our entrance *here* ;  
 Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

Lorenzo ! much of *moral* hast thou seen.  
 Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark  
 The *mathematic* glories of the skies,  
 In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.  
 Lorenzo's boasted builders, *chance*, and *fate*,  
 Are left to finish his aërial towers ;  
*Wisdom* and *choice*, their well-known characters  
*Here* deep impress ; and claim it for their own.  
 Though splendid all, no splendour void of use ;  
*Use* rivals *beauty* ; *art* contends with *power* ;  
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expense ;  
 The great economist adjusting all  
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.  
 How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !  
 And *newest* to the man that views it *most* ;  
 For newer still in infinite succeeds.  
 Then, these aërial racers, O how swift !  
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string !  
*Spirit* alone can distance the career,  
 Orb above orb ascending without end !  
 Circle in circle, without end, enclos'd !  
 Wheel, within wheel ; *Ezekiel* ! like to thine !  
 Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ;  
 Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true* !  
 What involution ! what extent ! what swarms  
 Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth* ! immensely great !

Immensely distant from each other's spheres !  
What, then, the wondrous *space* through which they  
roll ?

At once it quite ingulfs all human thought ;  
'T is comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here ;  
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,  
Arrangement neat, and chaste<sup>st</sup> order, reign.  
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.  
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;  
What knots are ty'd ! How soon are they dissolv'd,  
And set the seeming marry'd planets free !  
They rove for ever, without errour rove ;  
Confusion unconfus'd ! nor less admire  
This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !  
In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !  
What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd  
To silence by the presence of their Lord ;  
Or hush'd by *his* command in love to man,  
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,  
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,  
In exultation to *their* God, and *thine*,  
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,  
Eternal celebration of *his* praise.  
But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,  
Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight  
Fair hieroglyphic of *his* peerless power.  
Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,  
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,  
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence* ;  
To *Gods*, how great ! how legible to *man* !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?  
 Where are the pillars that support the skies ?  
 What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props  
 Th' incumbent load ? what magic, what strange art,  
 In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains ?  
 Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?  
 And so they are ; in the high will of Heaven,  
 Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,  
 Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,  
 Or nought of all ; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn  
 The most gigantic sons of Earth, the broad  
 And towering Alps, all tost into the sea ;  
 And, light as down, or volatile as air,  
 Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,  
 In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all  
 The winds, in emulation of the spheres,  
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;  
 The concert swell, and animate the ball.  
 Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,  
 In a far thinner element sustain'd,  
 And acting the same part, with greater skill,  
 More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends* ?

More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars  
 The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,  
 On which angelic delegates of Heaven,  
 At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,  
 Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love* ;  
 To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,  
 And acts most solemn still more solemnize ?  
 Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,  
 What full effusion of the grateful heart,

Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight !  
A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !  
It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey !  
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within ;  
That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres  
*Measure* duration, they no less inspire  
The godlike hope of ages without end. [take  
The boundless *space*, through which these rovers  
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought  
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* skill,  
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,  
Eternity, finds entrance at the *sight* :  
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,  
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,  
The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.  
*Nature informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.  
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish  
To *disappoint* it ?—That is blasphemy.  
Thus, of thy creed a second article,  
Momentous, as the existence of a God,  
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought :  
And thou mayst read thy *soul immortal*, here.  
Here, then, Lorenzo ! on these glories dwell ;  
Nor want the guilt-illuminated roof,  
That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.  
*Assemblies* ?—This is one divinely bright ;  
*Here*, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,  
Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.  
*He*, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,  
As that, which on his turban awes a world ;  
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.  
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give.

A mind superior to the charms of *power*.  
 Thou muffled in delusions of this life !  
 Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,  
 From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,  
 And purify from stench his watery realms ?  
 And fails her *moral* influence ? wants she power  
 To turn *Lorenzo*'s stubborn tide of thought  
 From stagnating on *Earth*'s infected shore,  
 And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart ?  
 Fails her attraction when it draws to Heaven ?  
 Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth*'s joy ?  
 Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,  
 And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain  
 Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,  
 The life of *life*, the *zest* of worldly bliss :  
 All else on *Earth* amounts — to what ? To this :  
 “ Bad to be *suffer'd* ; blessings to be *left* ! ”  
 Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.  
 O let me gaze ! — Of gazing there 's no end.  
 O let me think ! — Thought too is wilder'd *here* ;  
 In mid-way flight imagination tires ;  
 Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,  
 Her point unable to forbear, or gain ;  
 So great the pleasure, so profound the plan !  
 A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,  
 Eat the same *manna*, mingle *Earth* and *Heaven*.  
 How distant some of the nocturnal suns !  
 So distant (says the sage), 't were not absurd  
 To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature*'s birth,  
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world ;  
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.

An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,  
And roll *for ever* : who can satiate sight  
In such a scene ? in such an ocean wide  
Of deep astonishment ? where depth, height, breadth,  
Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count  
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,  
Perhaps a *seraph*'s computation fails.  
Now, go, *Ambition* ! boast thy boundless might  
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,  
To give his tottering faith a solid base.  
Why call for less than is *already* thine ?  
Thou art no novice in theology ;  
What is a *miracle* ? — 'T is a reproach,  
'T is an implicit satire, on mankind ;  
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.  
To common sense, great *Nature*'s course proclaims  
A Deity : when mankind falls asleep,  
A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm ;  
To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,  
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.  
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,  
Or *Nature*'s laws to *fix*, or to *repeat* ?  
To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid career ?  
To countermand his orders, and send back  
The flaming courier to the freighted *East* ;  
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray ;  
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,  
In Ajalon's soft, flowery vale repose  
Great things are these ; still greater, to *create*.  
From Adam's bower look down through the whole  
train

Of miracles; — resistless is their power ?  
 They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,  
 Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,  
 If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,  
 If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,  
 Sees nought but *spangles* here ; the *fool*, no more.  
 Say'st thou, “ The course of *Nature* governs all ? ”  
 The *course of Nature* is the *art* of God.  
 The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attests ;  
 For say, Could *Nature* *Nature*'s course control ?  
 But miracles apart, who sees him not,  
*Nature*'s Controller, Author, Guide, and End !  
 Who turns his eye on *Nature*'s midnight face,  
 But must inquire — “ What hand behind the scene,  
 What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes  
 In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?  
 Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?  
 Who bow'd them flaming through the dark profound,  
 Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,  
 Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,  
 And set the bosom of *old night* on fire ?  
 Peopled her desert, and made horrour smile ? ”  
 Or, if the military style delights thee, [man,)  
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with  
 “ Who marshals this bright host ? enrols their  
 names ?  
 Appoints their post, their marches, and returns  
 Punctual at stated periods ? Who disbands  
 These veteran troops, their final duty done,  
 If e'er disbanded ? ” — He, whose potent word,  
 Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers  
 In *night*'s inglorious empire, where they slept

In beds of darkness : arm'd them with fierce flames,  
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in-gold ;  
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,  
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.  
O let us join this army ! joining these,  
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,  
When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night ;  
When these strong demonstrations of a God  
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,  
And one *eternal* curtain cover all !

Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift  
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars  
To man still more propitious ; and their aid  
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore ;  
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.  
O ye *dividers* of *my time* ! Ye bright  
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,  
In your fair calendar distinctly marked !  
Since that authentic, radiant register,  
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him ;  
Since you and years roll on, though man stands  
still ;  
Teach me my days to number, and apply  
My trembling heart to *wisdom* ; now beyond  
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.  
*Age* smooths our path to prudence ! sweeps aside  
The snares keen *appetite* and passion spread  
To catch stray souls ; and woe to that gray head,  
Whose *folly* would undo what *age* has done !  
Aid then, aid, all ye stars ! — Much rather, thou,  
Great Artist ! thou, whose finger set aright  
This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,

Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out  
 Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,  
 With such an *index* fair as none can miss,  
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd;  
 Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read  
 The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see  
 Things as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass  
 Of worldly wishes. *Time, eternity!*  
 ('T is these, mis-measured, ruin all mankind)  
 Set them before me; let me lay them both  
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight.  
 Let *time* appear a *moment*, as it *is*;  
 And let *eternity*'s full orb, at once,  
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into Heaven.  
 When shall I see far more than charms me now?  
 Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast  
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?  
 When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all  
 That travel *Earth*'s deep vale, shall I shake off?  
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,  
 And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,  
 Obtain her *apotheosis* in thee?

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?  
 No, 't is directly striking at the mark;  
 To wake thy *dead devotion*\* was my point;  
 And how I bless *night*'s consecrating shades,  
 Which to a *temple* turn an *universe*;  
 Fill us with great ideas, full of Heaven,  
 And antidote the pestilential Earth!  
 In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,

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What an asylum has the soul in prayer !  
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray !  
And what a God must dwell in such a fane !  
O what a genius must inform the skies !  
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart  
Cold, and untouched, amid the sacred fires ?  
O ye nocturnal sparks ! ye glowing embers,  
On Heaven's broad hearth ! who burn, or burn no  
more,  
Who blaze, or die, as great Jehovah's breath  
Or blows you, or forbears : assist my song ;  
Pour your whole influence ; exorcise his heart,  
So long possest ; and bring him back to *man*.  
And is Lorenzo a demurrer *still* ?  
*Pride* in thy parts provokes thee to contest  
*Truths*, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame.  
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,  
*A faithless heart*, how despicably small !  
Too strait aught great, or generous, to receive !  
Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd, and foul'd, with *self* ?  
And *self*-mistaken ! *self*, that lasts an hour !  
*Instincts* and *passions*, of the nobler kind,  
Lie suffocated there ; or *they* alone,  
*Reason* apart, would wake high hope ; and open,  
To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,  
Where *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,  
Their endless miracles of love display,  
And promise all the truly-great desire.  
The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great* ;  
Great, in its *wishes* ; great, in its *surveys* ;  
Extended views a narrow mind extend ;  
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,

Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace.  
 A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth* ;  
*Divine* contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for *glory*, and for *bliss*,  
 All littleness is in approach to *woe* ;  
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,  
 And let in *manhood* ; let in *happiness* ;  
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought  
 From nothing, up to *God* ; which makes a *man*.  
 Take *God* from *Nature*, nothing great is left !  
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing *sees* ;  
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.  
 Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine *eye* ;  
 See thy distress ! how close art thou besieg'd !  
 Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud sceptic's foe !  
 Enclos'd by these innumerable worlds,  
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,  
 As in a golden net of *Providence*.  
 How art thou caught, sure *captive* of *belief* !  
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,  
 What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free !  
 This scene is Heaven's indulgent violence :  
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of *glory* ?  
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,  
 But, faith in *God* impos'd, and press'd on man  
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*,  
 Spite of these numerous, aweful *witnesses*,  
 And doubt the *deposition* of the skies ?  
 O how laborious is thy way to *ruin* !  
 Laborious ! 't is *impracticable* quite ;  
 To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,  
 With all his weight of *wisdom* and of *will*,

And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.  
*Some* wish they *did* ; but *no man disbelieves*.  
God is a *spirit* ; *spirit* cannot strike  
These gross, material organs ; God by man  
As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,  
In these astonishing exploits of power.  
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !  
Conception of design, how exquisite !  
How complicate, in their divine police !  
Apt means ! great ends ! consent to general good !  
Each attribute of these *material* gods,  
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,  
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;  
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo ! this may seem *harangue* to thee ;  
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.  
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof  
Of this great master-moral of the skies,  
Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there* ?  
Since 't is the basis, and all drops without it,  
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.  
*Such* proof insists on an attentive ear ;  
'T will not make one amid a mob of thoughts,  
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.  
*Retire* ; — the *world* shut out ; — thy thoughts call  
home ; —

*Imagination's* airy wing repress ; —  
Lock up thy *senses* ; — let no *passion* stir ; —  
Wake all to *reason* ; — let *her* reign alone ;  
Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth  
Of *Nature's* silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
*As I* have done ; and shall inquire no more.  
In *Nature's* channel, thus the questions run : —

“ What am I ? and from *whence* ? — I nothing  
know

But that I *am* ; and, since I *am*, conclude  
Something *eternal* : had there e'er been *nought*,  
*Nought* still had been ; *eternal* there *must* be. —  
But *what* *eternal* ? — Why not *human race* ?  
And Adam's *ancestors* without an end ? —  
That 's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link  
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.  
Can every *part* *depend*, and not the *whole* ?  
Yet grant it true ; *new* difficulties rise ;  
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore. [too ?  
Whence *Earth*, and these bright *orbs* ? — *Eternal*  
*Grant matter* was *eternal* ; still these *orbs*  
Would want some other *father* ; — much design  
Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes* ;  
*Design* implies *intelligence*, and *art* ;  
That can't be from *themselves* — or *man* : that art  
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?  
And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*. —  
Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,  
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?  
Who bid brute *matter*'s restive lump assume  
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?  
Has matter *innate* motion ? then each atom,  
Asserting its indisputable right  
To dance, would form an universe of dust :  
Has matter *none* ? Then whence these glorious forms  
And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd* ?  
Has matter *more* than motion ? has it thought,  
Judgment, and genius ? is it deeply learn'd  
In *mathematics* ? Has it fram'd such laws,

Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal ? —  
 If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,  
 Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man* !  
 If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;  
 And that with greater far than human skill,  
 Resides not in each block ; — a Godhead reigns.  
 Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind ;  
*That* granted, all is solv'd — But, granting that  
 Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ?  
 Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?  
 A being without origin, or end ! —  
 Hail, human liberty ! There is no God —  
 Yet, why ? On either scheme that knot subsists ;  
 Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human race* :  
 If in the last, how many knots beside,  
 Indissoluble all ? — Why choose it *there*,  
 Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?  
 Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest  
 Dispers'd, leave *reason's* whole horizon clear ;  
 This is not *reason's* dictate ; *reason* says, [scale ;]  
 ' Close with the side where *one* grain turns the  
 What vast preponderance is here ! can *reason*  
 With louder voice exclaim — ' *Believe* a God ?'  
 And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.  
 What things impossible must man think true,  
 On any other system ! and how strange  
 To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity !'  
 If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,  
 Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.  
 And where the link, in which a flaw he finds ?  
 And, if a God there is, that God how great !  
 How great that power, whose providential care

Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray !  
 Of *Nature* universal threads the whole !  
 And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,  
 Though little, on the footstool of his throne !

That little gem, how large ! a weight let fall  
 From a fix'd star, in ages can it reach  
 This distant *Earth* ? Say, then, *Lorenzo* ! where,  
 Where ends this mighty building ? Where, begin  
 The suburbs of *Creation* ? Where, the wall  
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale  
 Of non-existence ? Nothing's strange abode !  
 Say, at what point of space *Jehovah* dropp'd  
 His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by ;  
 Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more ?  
 Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high  
 Its extra-mundane head ? and says, to gods,  
 In characters illustrious as the Sun,  
 " I stand, the plan's proud period ; I pronounce  
 The work accomplish'd ; the creation clos'd :  
 Shout, all ye gods ! nor shout, ye gods alone ;  
 Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,  
 That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound !  
 Resound ! resound ! ye depths, and heights, re-  
 sound ! "

Hard are those questions ; — answer harder still.  
 Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,  
 The solitary son of *power divine* ?  
 Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,  
 Impregnated the womb of distant *space* ?  
 Has *he* not bid, in various provinces,  
 Brother-creations the dark bowels burst  
 Of *night* primeval ; barren, now, no more ?

And *he* the central sun, transpiercing all  
 Those *giant-generations*, which disport,  
 And dance, as *moths*, in his meridian ray ;  
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,  
 In that *abyss of horrour*, whence they sprung ;  
 While *Chaos* triumphs, reposest of all  
 Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne ?  
*Chaos !* of *Nature* both the *womb*, and *grave* !

Think'st thou my scheme, *Lorenzo*, spreads too  
 wide ?

Is this *extravagant* ? — No ; this is *just* ;  
 Just in *conjecture*, though 't were false in *fact*.  
 If 't is an *error*, 't is an *error* sprung  
 From noble root, high thought of the *Most-High*.  
 But wherefore *error* ? who can prove it such ? —  
 He that can set *Omnipotence* a bound.  
 Can man *conceive* beyond what *God* can *do* ?  
 Nothing but *quite impossible* is *hard*.  
*He* summons into being, with like *ease*,  
 A whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.  
 Speaks *he* the *word* ? a thousand *worlds* are born !  
 A thousand *worlds* ! there's space for millions more !  
 And in what space can his great *fiat* fail ?  
 Condemn me not, cold *critic* ! but indulge  
 The warm *imagination* : why condemn ?  
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts  
 With fuller admiration of *that power*,  
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to  
 swell ?  
 Why not indulge in *his* augmented praise ?  
 Darts not *his* glory a still brighter ray,  
 The less is left to *chaos*, and the realms

Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast ;  
And, though most *talkative*, makes no *report* ?

Still seems my thought enormous ? Think again ;  
*Experience* 'self shall aid thy lame belief.

*Glasses* (that revelation to the sight !)  
Have they not led us in the deep disclose  
Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *small*,  
And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd* ?  
If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount  
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,  
To keep the balance, and creation *poise* ?

*Defect* alone can err on such a theme ;  
What is too great, if we the *cause survey* ?  
Stupendous Architect ! thou, thou art all !  
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,  
And finds herself but at the centre still !  
I Am, thy name ! *existence* all *thine own* !  
*Creation* 's nothing ; flatter'd much if styl'd  
“ *The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.* ” [voice

O for the voice — of what ? of whom ? — What  
Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent,  
As dares to deem one universe too small ?  
Tell me, Lorenzo ! (for now *fancy* glows,  
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)  
Is not this home-creation, in the map  
Of universal *Nature*, as a speck,  
Like fair Britannia in our little ball :  
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,  
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone ?  
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)  
Canst thou not figure it, an *isle*, almost  
Too small for notice, in the vast of being ;

Sever'd by mighty seas of *unbuilt space*  
From other *realms* ; from ample *continents*  
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ;  
Less *northern*, less remote from *Deity*,  
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme ;  
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth  
Luxuriant growths ; nor the late autumn wait  
Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to *gods* ?

Yet why drown *fancy* in such depths as these ?  
Return, presumptuous rover, and confess  
The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small.  
Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen* ?  
Full ample the dominions of the Sun !  
Full glorious to behold, how far, how wide  
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,  
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,  
Further, and faster, than a thought can fly,  
And feeds his planets with eternal fires !  
This Heliopolis, by greater far  
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built ;  
And *he* alone, who built it, can destroy.  
Beyond this city, why strays human thought ?  
*One* wonderful ! enough for man to know !  
*One* infinite ! enough for man to range !  
*One* firmament ! enough for man to read !  
O what voluminous instruction here !  
What page of wisdom is denied him ? None ;  
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.  
Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain ;  
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,  
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.  
How eloquently shines the glowing Pole !

With what authority it gives its charge,  
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,  
 Though silent, loud ! heard Earth around ; above  
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in Hell ;  
*Hell* has her wonder, though too proud to praise.  
 Is *Earth*, then, more infernal ? has she those,  
 Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo !) nor *admire* ?

Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,  
 Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* one question ; never held  
 Least correspondence with a single star ;  
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of Heaven*  
 Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.  
 Their *sublunary* rivals have long since  
 Engross'd his whole devotion ; *stars* malign,  
 Which made the fond *astronomer* run mad,  
 Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart* ;  
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace  
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.  
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd  
 The lifted hand to *Luna*, or pour'd out  
 The blood to *Jove* ! — O thou, to whom belongs  
*All* sacrifice ! O thou Great *Jove* unfeign'd ;  
 Divine Instructor ! Thy *first* volume, *this*,  
 For *man's* perusal ; all in capitals !  
 In *Moon*, and *stars* (Heaven's golden alphabet !)  
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight ; who *runs*, may *read* ;  
 Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'T is unconfin'd  
 To *Christian* land, or *Jewry* ; fairly writ  
 In language universal, to mankind :  
 A language, lofty to the learn'd ; yet plain  
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,  
 Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.

A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks !  
*Preface, and comment, to the sacred page !*  
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,  
As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,  
And scripture 'self a *fragment*, that unread.  
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise ;  
Stupendous book ! and open'd, Night ! by thee.

By thee *much* open'd, I confess, O Night !  
Yet *more* I wish ; but *how* shall I prevail ?  
Say, gentle *Night* ! whose modest, maiden beams  
Give us a *new* creation, and present  
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight ;  
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,  
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key  
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view  
Worlds beyond number ; worlds conceal'd by day  
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon !  
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene ? — And show  
The mighty potentate, to whom belong  
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd  
To kindle that high hope ? Like him of *Uz*,  
I gaze around ; I search on every side —  
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores !  
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,  
Pants for the living stream ; for him who made her,  
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank  
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess ! where ?  
Where blazes *his* bright court ? Where burns *his*  
throne ? [round  
Thou know'st ; for thou art near him ; by thee,  
*His* grand pavilion, sacred fame reports  
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none

Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,  
 Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells ?  
*A star* his dwelling pointed out *below*.  
 Ye Pleiades ! Arcturus ! Mazaroth !  
 And thou, Orion ! of still keener eye !  
 Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,  
 And bring them out of tempest into port !  
 On which hand must I bend my course to find *him* ?  
 These courtiers keep the secret of their King ;  
 I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake ; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale,  
 From sphere to sphere ; the steps by Nature set  
 For man's ascent ; at once to *tempt* and *aid* ;  
 To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought ;  
 Till it arrives at the *great* God of all.

In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,  
 From *Earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.  
 How swift I mount ! diminish'd *Earth* recedes ;  
 I pass the *Moon* ; and, from her farther side,  
 Pierce Heaven's blue curtain ; strike into *remote*,  
 Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage  
 His artificial, airy journey takes,  
 And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.  
 I pause at every *planet* on my road,  
 And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,  
 Their foreheads fair to shine. From *Saturn's* ring,  
 In which, of *Earths* an army might be lost,  
 With the bold *comet* take my bolder flight,  
 Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,  
 Of independent, native lustre, proud ;  
 The souls of systems ! and the lords of life,

Through their wide empires !—What behold I *now* ?  
A wilderness of wonder burning round ;  
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres ;  
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods ;  
Nor halt I here ; my toil is but begun ;  
'T is but the threshold of the Deity ;  
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.  
Nor is it strange ; I built on a mistake ;  
The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* sought  
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher ;  
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *him*)  
O where, Lorenzo ! must the Builder dwell ?

Pause, then, and, for a moment, here respire —  
If human thought can keep its station here.  
Where am I ? — Where is *Earth* ? — Nay, where  
art thou,

O *Sun* ? — Is the *Sun* turn'd recluse ? — And are  
*His* boasted expeditions short to *mine* ? —  
To *mine*, how short ! On Nature's alps I stand,  
And see a thousand firmaments beneath !  
A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains !  
So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,  
How can man's curious spirit not inquire,  
What are the natives of this world sublime,  
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,  
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd ?

“ O ye, as distant from my little home,  
As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly !  
Far from my native element I roam,  
In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.  
What province this, of *his* immense domain,  
Whom all obeys ? or mortals here, or gods ?

Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss ! what are you ?  
 A colony from Heaven ? Or, only rais'd, [realms,  
 By frequent visit from Heaven's neighbouring  
 To secondary gods, and half-divine ? —  
 Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,  
 Far other life you live, far other tongue  
 You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,  
 Than man. How various are the works of God !  
 But say, *what* thought ? is *reason* here enthron'd,  
 And absolute ? or *sense* in arms against her ?  
 Have you *two* lights ? or need you no *reveal'd* ?  
 Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?  
 And had your Eden an abstemious Eve ?  
*Our* Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,  
 And ask their Adams — ' *Who would not be wise ?*'  
 Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd* ?  
 And if *redeem'd* — is your *Redeemer scorn'd* ?  
 Is this your final residence ? if not,  
 Change you your scene, *translated* ? or by *death* ?  
 And if by *death*, *what death* ? — Know you *disease* ?  
 Or horrid *war* ? — With war, this fatal hour,  
 Europa groans (so call we a small field, [putes  
 Where kings run mad). In *our* world, Death de-  
*Intemperance* to do the work of *age* ;  
 And hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,  
 As slow of execution, for dispatch  
 Sends forth *imperial* butchers ; bids them slay  
 Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before)  
 And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.  
 Sit all *your* executioners on thrones ?  
 With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god* ?  
 And *bloodshed* wash out every other stain ? —

But you, perhaps, can't bleed : from matter gross  
Your *spirits* clean, are delicately clad  
In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,  
Unloaded, uninfect'd ; how unlike  
The lot of man ! How few of human race  
By their own *mud* unmurder'd ! How we wage  
Self-war eternal ! Is your painful day  
Of hardy conflict o'er ? Or, are you still  
Raw candidates at school ? And have you those  
Who disaffect *reversions*, as with *us* ?  
But what are *we* ? You never heard of *man* ;  
Or *Earth*, the *bedlam* of the universe !  
Where *reason* (undiseas'd with *you*) runs mad,  
And nurses *folly*'s children as *her own* ;  
Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount  
Of *holiness*, where *reason* is pronounc'd  
*Infallible* ; and *thunders*, like a god ;  
E'en *there*, by *saints*, the demons are outdone ;  
What *these* think wrong, our *saints* refine to right ;  
And kindly teach *dull* Hell her own black arts ;  
Satan, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles. —  
But *this*, how strange to you, who know not *man* !  
Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd ?  
Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car ?  
Pass'd by you the good Enoch, on his road  
To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd ;  
Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,  
Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall  
A short eclipse from his portentous shade ?  
O ! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb  
Athwart his way ; nor reach'd his present home,  
Then blacken'd *Earth* with footsteps soul'd in Hell,

Nor wash'd in *ocean*, as from Rome he pass'd  
To Britain's isle ; *too, too, conspicuous there !*"

But this is all digression : where is he,  
That o'er Heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd  
To groans, and chains, and darkness ? Where is he,  
Who sees creation's summit in a vale ?  
He, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but seek ;  
And if he finds, commences *more* than man ?  
O for a telescope his throne to reach !

Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth* ! or blest *above* !  
Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels ! tell, [where ?  
Where, your great Master's orb ? His planets,  
Those *conscious* satellites, those *morning-stars*,  
First-born of Deity ! from central love,  
By veneration most profound, thrown off ;  
By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn ;  
*Aw'd*, and yet *raptur'd* ; *raptur'd*, yet *serene* ;  
Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams ;  
In still approaching circles, still *remote*,  
Revolving round the Sun's eternal Sire ?  
Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies  
To nations — in what latitude ? — Beyond  
Terrestrial thought's horizon ! — And on what  
High errands sent ? — Here *human* effort ends ;  
And leaves me still a stranger to *his* throne.

Full well it might ! I quite mistook my road ;  
Born in an age more curious than devout ;  
More fond to fix the *place* of Heaven, or Hell,  
Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.  
'T is not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,  
That leads me to my point : Lorenzo ! know,  
Without or *star*, or *angel*, for their guide,

Who worship God, shall *find* him. Humble *love*,  
And not proud *reason*, keeps the door of Heaven ;  
*Love* finds admission, where proud *science* fails.  
Man's *science* is the culture of his heart ;  
And not to lose his plummet in the depths  
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.  
Either to know, is an attempt that sets  
The wisest on a level with the fool.  
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *here* !)  
Past doubt is deep philosophy *above* ;  
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,  
As deeper learn'd ; the deepest, learning still.  
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence  
(So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in all !  
In *man* ! in *Earth* ! in more amazing *skies* !  
Teaching this lesson, *pride* is loth to learn —  
“ Not *deeply* to discern, not *much* to *know*,  
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.”

And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,  
Than that which struck us from our past surveys ?  
Yes ; and for deeper *adoration* too.  
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,  
Have I learn'd nothing ? — Yes, *Lorenzo* ! this ;  
Each of these stars is a religious house ;  
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise ;  
And heard *hosannas* ring through every sphere,  
A seminary fraught with future gods.  
*Nature* all o'er is *consecrated* ground,  
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.  
The great proprietor's all-bounteous hand  
Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields  
With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise

Beneath *his* genial ray : and, if escap'd  
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,  
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.  
 And is *devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,  
 When beings, so superior, homage *boast*,  
 And *triumph* in prostration to the throne?  
 But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?  
 Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,  
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,  
 All *Nature* sending incense to the throne,  
 Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere?  
 Opening the solemn sources of my soul,  
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,  
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,  
 Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more  
 Invites the Muse — Here turn we, and review  
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide : — Then say,  
 Say, then, Lorenzo ! with what burst of heart,  
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,  
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?  
 “ O what a root ! O what a branch, is here !  
 O what a Father ! What a family !  
 Worlds ! systems ! and creations ! — And creations,  
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung,  
 Great Vine ! \* on thee ; on thee the cluster hangs ;  
 The filial cluster ! infinitely spread  
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught ;  
 And drinks (nectareous draught !) immortal life.  
 Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough ?)  
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,

\* John, xv. 1.

(And, O ! of what dimension ! of what weight !)  
 Set in one *signet*, flames on the right hand  
 Of Majesty Divine ! The *blazing seal*,  
 That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,  
 Indelible, *his sovereign attributes*,  
 Omnipotence, and love ! *That*, passing bound ;  
 And *this*, surpassing that. Nor stop we *here*,  
 For want of *power* in God, but *thought* in man.  
 E'en *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt :  
 If *greater* aught, that greater all is thine,  
 Dread Sire ! — Accept this *miniature* of thee ;  
 And pardon an *attempt* from mortal thought,  
 In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How such ideas of th' Almighty's *power*,  
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's *plan*,  
 (Ideas not absurd,) distend the thought  
 Of feeble mortals ! Nor of *them* alone !  
 The fulness of the Deity breaks forth  
 In *inconceivables* to men, and gods.  
 Think, then, O think, nor ever drop the thought,  
 How *low* must *man* descend, when *gods* adore !  
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast ?  
 Did I not tell thee, " We would mount, Lorenzo †,  
 And kindle our devotion at the *stars* ? "

And have I fail'd ? And did I *flatter* thee ?  
 And art all adamant ? And dost confute  
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable *smile* ?  
 Lorenzo ! *mirth* how miserable *here* !  
 Swear by the *stars*, by him who made them, swear,  
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they* :

Then thou, like them, shalt shine ; like them, shalt  
rise

From low to lofty ; from obscure to bright ;  
By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.  
The stars, from whence ? — Ask *Chaos* — he can tell.  
These bright temptations to idolatry,  
From darkness and confusion, took their birth ;  
Sons of deformity ! from fluid dregs  
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude ;  
And then, to spheres opaque ; then dimly shone ;  
Then brighten'd ; then blaz'd out in perfect day.  
*Nature* delights in progress ; in advance  
From worse to better ; but, when *minds* ascend,  
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.  
Heaven aids exertion ; greater makes the great ;  
The voluntary little lessens more.  
O be a man ! and thou shalt be a God !  
And half self-made ! — Ambition how divine !  
    O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone !  
Still undevout ? Unkindled ? — Though high-taught,  
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars ;  
Rank coward to the fashionable world !  
Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to Heaven ?  
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell !  
Pride in religion is man's highest praise.  
Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !  
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,  
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,  
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.  
How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,  
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits !  
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps

Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene !  
A scene more sad *sin* makes the darken'd soul,  
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye :  
Why such magnificence in all thou seest ?  
Of *matter's* grandeur, know, one end is this,  
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it —  
“ Though *that* immensely great, still greater *he*,  
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,  
Unburthen'd, Nature's universal scheme ;  
Can grasp *creation* with a *single* thought ;  
*Creation* grasp ; and not exclude its *Sire*.” —  
To tell him farther — “ It behoves him much  
To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate  
Of being, brighter than a thousand suns :  
One single ray of *thought* outshines them all.” —  
And if man hears obedient, soon he 'll soar  
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,  
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,  
Rising, where *thought* is now denied to rise,  
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist ? — No mortal 'ever liv'd,  
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)  
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain ;  
Vain, and far worse ! — Think thou, with dying men ;  
O *condescend* to think as angels think !  
O *tolerate* a chance for happiness !  
Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ;  
And Hell had been, though there had been no God.  
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer !  
*Earth*, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man ?  
*Man*, turning from his *God*, brings *endless* night ;

Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,  
 Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.  
 How *deep* the darkness ! and the groan, how *loud* !  
 And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames ! —  
 Such is Lorenzo's purchase ! such his praise !  
 The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise !  
 Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,  
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from *me* ;  
 My song but echoes what great *Nature* speaks.  
 What has she spoken ? Thus the goddess spoke,  
 Thus speaks for ever : — “ Place, at Nature's head,  
 A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,  
 Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,  
 But, above all, diffuses endless good :  
 To *whom*, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly ;  
 The vile, for mercy ; and the pain'd, for peace ;  
 By *whom*, the various tenants of these spheres,  
 Diversified in fortunes, place, and powers,  
 Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,  
 Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)  
 At that blest fountain-head, from which they  
 stream ;  
 Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;  
 And present joy looks forward on increase ;  
 And that, on more ; no period ! every step  
 A double boon ! a *promise*, and a *bliss*. ”  
 How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts !  
 It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ;  
*Passion* is pleas'd ; and *reason* asks no more ;  
 'T is rational ! 't is great ! — But what is *thine* ?  
 It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !

Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,  
Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport  
Of fortune ; then the morsel of *despair*.

Say, then, Lorenzo ! (for thou know'st it well)  
What 's *vice* ? — Mere want of compass in our  
thought.

*Religion*, what ? — The proof of *common-sense*.  
How art thou hooted, where the *least* prevails !  
Is it *my* fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool* ?  
And thou shalt never be *miscalld* by me.  
Can neither *shame*, nor *terrour*, stand thy friend ?  
And art thou *still* an insect in the mire ?  
How, like thy *guardian angel*, have I flown ;  
Snatch'd thee from Earth ; escorted thee through all  
Th' ethereal armies ; walk'd thee, like a god,  
Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd  
On either hand ; clouds thrown beneath thy feet ;  
Close-cruis'd on the bright Paradise of God ;  
And almost introduc'd thee to the throne !  
And art thou still carousing, for delight,  
Rank poison ; first fermenting to mere *froth*,  
And then subsiding into *final gall* ?  
To beings of sublime, *immortal* make,  
How shocking is all joy, whose end is *sure* !  
Such joy, *more* shocking still, the more it *charms* !  
And dost thou choose what ends ere well-begun ;  
And infamous, as short ? And dost thou choose  
(*Thou*, to whose palate *glory* is so sweet)  
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,  
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own* ?  
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,  
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow ;

For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,  
Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.

O thou most aweful being ; and most vain !  
Thy will, how *frail* ! how *glorious* is thy power !  
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds  
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast ;  
Though Heaven and Hell depend upon thy choice ;  
A butterfly comes 'cross, and both are fled.  
Is this the picture of a rational ?

This horrid image, shall it be most just ?  
Lorenzo ! No : it cannot, — *shall* not, be,  
If there is force in *reason* ; or, in *sounds*  
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the Moon,  
A magic, at this planetary hour,  
When *slumber* locks the general lip, and dreams  
Through senseless mazes hunt souls *un-inspir'd*.  
Attend — The sacred mysteries begin —  
My solemn *night-born* adjuration hear ;  
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust ;  
While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment *new*.  
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine !

“ By *silence*, Death's peculiar attribute ;  
By *darkness*, guilt's inevitable doom ;  
By *darkness*, and by *silence*, sisters dread !  
That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,  
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene !  
By Night, and all of aweful, Night presents  
To *thought* or *sense* (of aweful much, to both,  
The goddess brings !) By these her trembling *fires*,  
Like Vesta's, ever-burning ; and, like *hers*,  
Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure !  
By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,

And press thee to revere the Deity ;  
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,  
To reach *his throne* ; as *stages* of the soul,  
Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,  
Refining gradual, for her final height,  
And purging off some dross at every sphere !  
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world !  
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,  
From short ambition's *zenith* set for ever,  
Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !  
By the long list of swift mortality,  
From Adam downward to this evening knell,  
Which midnight waves in *fancy*'s startled eye,  
And shocks her with an hundred centuries ;  
Round *Death*'s black banner throng'd, in human  
thought !

By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,  
And calling thee — wert thou so wise to hear !

By tombs o'er tombs arising ; human earth  
Ejected, to make room for — human earth ;  
The monarch's *terrour* ! and the sexton's *trade* !

By pompous obsequies that shun the day,  
The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,  
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud ;  
Boast of our *ruin* ! triumph of our *dust* !

By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;  
And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,  
*More* ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom !

By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,  
The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave !

By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan  
For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,

Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !  
 By guilt's last audit ! By yon *Moon* in blood,  
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,  
 And thunder's last discharge, great Nature's knell !  
 By second *chaos* and eternal *night*." —  
 Be wise — Nor let Philander blame my *charm* ;  
 But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,  
*Love* to the living ; *duty* to the dead !  
 For know I'm but executor ; *he* left  
 This moral legacy ; *I* make it o'er  
 By *his* command ; Philander hear in me ;  
 And Heaven in both. — If deaf to these, O ! hear  
 Florello's tender voice ; *his* weal depends  
 On *thy* resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;  
 For *his* sake — love *thyself* : example strikes  
 All human hearts ; a *bad* example more ;  
 More still a father's ; that ensures his ruin.  
 As parent of his being, wouldest thou prove  
 Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,  
 And make him curse the being which thou gavest ?  
 Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father ?  
 If careless of Lorenzo ! spare, Oh ! spare  
 Florello's father, and Philander's friend !  
 Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him ;  
 And from Philander's friend the world expects  
 A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.  
 Let *passion* do, what *nobler motive* should ;  
 Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid  
 To *reason* : and persuade thee to be — blest,  
 This seems not a request to be denied ;  
 Yet (such the infatuation of mankind !)  
 'T is the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.

Shall I then rise in argument, and warmth?  
And urge Philander's posthumous advice,  
From topics yet unbroach'd? —  
But Oh! I faint! My spirits fail! — Nor strange!  
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!  
To which my great Creator's glory call'd:  
And *calls* — but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand  
Has strok'd my drooping lips, and *promises*  
My long arrear of rest; the *downy* god  
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)  
Will *pay*, ere long, and bless me with repose.  
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's  
cot,

The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,  
Whence *sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,  
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts  
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;  
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,  
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play  
The various movements of this nice machine,  
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.  
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,  
*Sleep* winds us up for the succeeding dawn;  
Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,  
Or *Death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.  
When will it end with me?

— “ THOU only know'st,  
Thou, whose broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,  
Joins to the *present*; making one of *three*  
To mortal thought! Thou know'st, and thou alone,  
All-knowing! — all-unknown! — and yet well-  
known!

Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom'd, felt !  
 And, though invisible, for ever seen !  
 And seen in all ! the *great* and the *minute* :  
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,  
 Each flower, each leaf, with its small people  
 swarm'd,  
 (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence !)  
 To the first thought, that asks, ‘*From whence ?*’  
 declare  
 Their common source. Thou fountain, running o'er  
 In rivers of communicated joy !  
 Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes !  
 Say, by what name shall I presume to call  
*Him* I see burning in these countless suns,  
 As Moses, in the *bush* ? Illustrious Mind !  
 The whole creation, less, far less, to thee,  
 Than *that* to the creation's ample round.  
 How shall I name thee ? — How my labouring soul  
 Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !  
 “ Great system of perfections ! mighty cause  
 Of causes mighty ! cause uncaus'd ! sole root  
 Of *Nature*, that luxuriant growth of God !  
 First Father of *effects* ! that progeny  
 Of endless series ; where the golden chain's  
 Last link admits a period, who can tell ?  
 Father of all that is or heard, or hears !  
 Father of all that is or seen, or sees !  
 Father of all that is, or *shall* arise !  
 Father of this immeasurable mass  
 Of *matter* multiform ; or dense, or rare ;  
 Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at rest ;  
 Minute, or passing bound ! in each extreme

Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.  
Father of these bright millions of the *night* !  
Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,  
And thrown the gazer on his knee — Or, say,  
Is appellation higher still, thy choice ?  
Father of *matter's* temporary lord !  
Father of *spirits* ! nobler offspring ! sparks  
Of high paternal glory ; rich endow'd  
With various measures, and with various modes  
Of *instinct, reason, intuition* ; beams  
More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break  
The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware  
Of all *created spirit*) ; beams, that rise  
Each over other in superior light,  
Till the last ripens into lustre strong,  
Of next approach to godhead. Father fond  
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on Earth)  
Of *intellectual beings* ! beings blest  
With powers to please thee ; not of passive ply  
To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in *seats*  
Of *well-adapted joys*, in different domes  
Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;  
Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,  
Though boundless habitation, plann'd by thee :  
Whose several clans their several climates suit ;  
And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.  
Or, Oh ! indulge, immortal King, indulge  
A title less august indeed, but more  
Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears,  
Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !  
*Father of immortality to man !*

A theme that lately \* set my soul on fire—  
 And thou the next ! yet equal ! thou, by whom  
*That* blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was *bought* :  
 Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds  
 Were made ; and one redeem'd ! illustrious light  
 From light illustrious ! Thou, whose *regal* power,  
 Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,  
 On more than adamantine basis fix'd,  
 O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,  
 Inviolably reigns ; the *dread of gods* !  
 And Oh ! the *friend* of man ! beneath whose foot,  
 And by the mandate of whose aweful nod,  
 All regions, revolution, fortunes, fates,  
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll  
 Through the short channels of expiring *time*,  
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,  
 Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* spirit breathes),  
 In absolute subjection ! — And, O thou  
 The glorious third ! distinct, not separate !  
 Beaming from *both* ! with both incorporate ;  
 And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !  
 By condescension, as thy glory, great,  
 Enshrin'd in man ! of human hearts, if pure,  
 Divine inhabitant ! the tie divine  
 Of Heaven with distant Earth ! by whom I trust,  
 (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address  
 To thee, to them — to whom ! — Mysterious power !  
 Reveal'd ! — yet unreveal'd ! darkness in light !  
 Number in unity ! our joy ! our dread !  
 The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin !

\* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

That animates all right, the *triple sun* !  
Sun of the soul ! her never-setting sun !  
Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,  
Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God !  
Greater than greatest ! Better than the best !  
Kinder than kindest ! with soft *pity's eye*,  
Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,  
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,  
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;  
Beyond archangels' unassisted ken ;  
From far above what mortals highest call ;  
From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,  
Through — What ? confounding interval ! through  
all  
And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive ;  
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ;  
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd  
Round various banners of omnipotence,  
With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd ;  
Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,  
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee ;  
Through this wide waste of worlds ! this *vista vast*,  
All sanded o'er with suns ; suns turn'd to *night*  
Before *thy* feeblest beam — Look down — down —  
down,  
On a poor *breathing particle* in dust,  
Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.  
His crimes forgive ! forgive his virtues, too !  
Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.  
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more  
May see the Sun (though night's descending scale  
Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unblest !

In *thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain ;  
 Pain, our aversion ; pain, which strikes me *now* ;  
 And, since all pain is terrible to man,  
 Though transient, terrible ; at *thy* good hour,  
 Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,  
 My *clay-cold* bed ! by nature now, so near ;  
 By nature, near ; still nearer by disease !  
 Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave :  
 Let it out-preach the preacher ; every night  
 Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear ;  
 That tongue of death ! that herald of the tomb !  
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)  
 My *senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,  
 O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,  
 Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *fate*,  
 First, in *fate*'s volume, at the page of *man* —  
*Man's* sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for  
 ever,

*From side to side, can rest on nought but thee :*  
*Here, in full trust ; hereafter, in full joy :*  
 On thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down  
 Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.  
 Nor of *that* pillow shall *my* soul despond ;  
 For — Love almighty ! Love almighty ! (sing,  
 Exult, Creation !) Love almighty, reigns !  
 That death of *death* ! that cordial of *despair* !  
 And loud eternity's triumphant song !

“ Of whom, no more : — For, O thou Patron-  
 God !

Thou God and *mortal* ! Thence *more* God to man !  
 Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !  
 Thou canst not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *praise*.

Uninjur'd from our praise can *he* escape,  
 Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows  
 The Heaven of Heavens, to kiss the distant Earth !  
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !  
 Against the cross, *Death's* iron sceptre breaks !  
 From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey !  
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes* !  
 Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,  
 Deputes their *suffering brothers* to receive !  
 And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ;  
 As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair* !  
 Enjoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice* !  
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,  
*Takes his delights among the sons of men.*" \*

What words are these — And did they come from  
 Heaven ?

And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ?  
 What are all mysteries to love like this ?  
 The songs of angels, all the melodies  
 Of choral gods, are wasted in the sound ;  
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart ;  
 Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night* :  
 Rich prelibation of *consummate joy* !  
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral Muse,  
 How justly *titled* † ? nor for me alone :  
 For all that read ; what spirit of support,  
 What heights of Consolation, crown my song !

Then, farewell Night ! of darkness, now, no  
 more :

\* Prov. chap. viii.

† The Consolation.

Joy breaks ; shines ; triumphs ; 't is eternal day.  
Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain  
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ?  
My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join  
The two supports of human happiness,  
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;  
True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death* !  
The *thought of death*, sole victor of its *dread* !  
*Hope*, be thy *joy* ; and *probity*, thy *skill* ;  
Thy *patron* he, whose diadem has dropp'd  
Yon gems of Heaven ; *eternity*, thy *prize* :  
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,  
Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils :  
They part with all for that *which is not bread* ;  
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power ;  
And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.  
How must a spirit, late escap'd from Earth,  
Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,  
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,  
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,  
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves !  
And when our *present privilege* is past,  
To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,  
The *same* astonishment will seize us all.  
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.  
Lorenzo ! 't is not yet too late ; Lorenzo !  
Seize wisdom, ere 't is torment to be wise ;  
That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.  
For *what*, my small philosopher, is *Hell* ?  
'T is nothing but full knowledge of the *truth*,  
When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe :  
And calls *eternity* to do her right.

Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,  
And sacred *silence* whispering truths divine,  
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,  
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,  
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,  
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,  
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight  
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?  
*Virtue* abounds in flatteries and foes ;  
'T is pride to praise her ; penance to perform.  
To more than words, to more than worth of  
tongue,  
Lorenzo ! rise, at this auspicious hour ;  
An hour, when Heaven 's most intimate with man ;  
When, like a falling star, the ray divine  
Glides swift into the bosom of the *just* ;  
And *just* are all, *determin'd* to reclaim ;  
Which sets that title high within thy reach.  
Awake, then : thy Philander calls : awake !  
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;  
When, like a taper, all these suns expire ;  
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrâth,  
Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd ;  
And midnight, *universal* midnight ! reigns.

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## LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION;

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

— Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
 Non minus ignotos generosis. Hor.

## SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam  
 Virtutis. Juv. Sat. x.

My verse is Satire ; Dorset, lend your ear,  
 And patronize a Muse you cannot fear.  
 To poets sacred is a Dorset's name ;  
 Their wonted passport through the gates of Fame ;  
 It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,  
 And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays :  
 The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,  
 And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.  
 But you decline the *mistress* we pursue :  
 Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause !  
 Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws* !  
 When *flatter'd* *crimes* of a licentious age  
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;  
 When *purchas'd* *follies*, from each distant land,  
 Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand ;

When the *Law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite,  
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;  
When *churchmen* Scripture for the classics quit,  
Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *wit* ;  
When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,  
And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;  
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,  
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore* ;  
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,  
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease ?

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,  
And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,  
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,  
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post* ?  
Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,  
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?  
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,  
And *satirise* with nothing — but their *praise* ?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,  
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain ?  
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,  
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled ;  
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,  
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,  
He will not write ; and (more provoking still !)  
Ye gods ! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distrest, what author shall we find,  
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,  
The courtly Roman's\* shining path to tread,  
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead ?

\* Horace.

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,  
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?  
 Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise :  
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise* ?  
 The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
 Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart :  
 The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;  
 The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.  
 O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;  
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells :  
 'T is *Tory*, *Whig* ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.  
 Here, to *Steele's humour* makes a bold pretence ;  
 There, bolder, aims at *Pulteney's eloquence*.  
 It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,  
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;  
 Nor ends with *life* ; but nods in sable *plumes*,  
 Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud* ? the *pimp* is proud to see  
 So many like himself in high degree :  
 The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread  
 Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed ;  
 And the bribe'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born  
 To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,  
 And come back much more guilty than they went :  
 One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,  
 Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;  
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,  
 They 'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wistful eyes on *glory* look,  
 When they have got their *picture* towards a book :

Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,  
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.  
If at his title T — had dropp'd his quill,  
T — might have pass'd for a great genius still.  
But T — alas! (excuse him if you can)  
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.  
Imperious, some a classic *fame* demand,  
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,  
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,  
While A 's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *restor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.  
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd ;  
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glass* how witty is a noble peer!  
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite diseases make some idiots *vain* ;  
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see ;  
And (stranger still !) of blockheads' flattery ;  
Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,  
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,  
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.  
What can she not perform ? The love of Fame  
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame :  
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep :  
And (stronger still !) made Alexander weep.  
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,  
Though her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen  
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.

By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot !)  
 Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.  
 It makes *Globose* a speaker in the house ;  
 He *hems*, and is deliver'd of his mouse.  
 It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,  
 And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.  
 Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,  
 Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin ?  
 My growing subject seems but just begun,  
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer ! with thy *epic* rules,  
 To take a catalogue of British fools.  
 Satire ! had I thy Dorset's force divine,  
 A knave or fool should perish in each line ;  
 Though for the first all Westminster should plead,  
 And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace ?  
 To *quality* belongs the highest place.  
 My lord comes forward ; forward let him come !  
 Ye vulgar ! at your peril, give him room :  
 He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,  
 By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet* :  
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
 Above the man by *three descents* less wise !  
 If virtues at his noble hands you crave,  
 You bid him raise his father's from the grave.  
 Men should press forward in *Fame's* glorious chase ;  
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high-birth triumph ! What can be more great ?  
 Nothing — but merit in a low estate.  
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.

Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,  
Slight, or important, only by their place ?  
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise* ;  
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.  
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,  
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own  
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.  
Mean sons of earth, who on a South-sea tide  
Of full success, swam into *wealth* and *pride*,  
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,  
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to show their shame the more.  
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause* !  
And a rich knave 's a *libel* on our *laws*.

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd ;  
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound ;  
But *builds* himself a name ; and, to be great,  
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate !  
In cost and grandeur, Chandos he 'll outdo ;  
And Burlington, thy taste is not so true.  
The pile is finish'd ; every toil is past ;  
And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;  
When lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,  
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run away.  
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,  
But a *discharge* in full for an estate ?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame ;  
 Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame :  
 Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known ;  
 Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.  
 The bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold !)  
 And bid him turn his Venus into gold.  
 " No, sirs," he cries ; " I'll sooner rot in jail :  
 Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail ?"  
 Such *heads* might make their very *bustos* laugh :  
 His daughter starves ; but Cleopatra 's safe. \*

Men, overloaded with a large estate,  
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit :  
 The *rich* may be polite ; but, oh ! 't is sad  
 To say you 're *curious*, when we swear you 're *mad*.  
 By your revenue measure your expense ;  
 And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.  
 No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess* ;  
 True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness* :  
 Yet few without long discipline are sage ;  
 And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.  
 But how, my *Muse*, canst thou resist so long  
 The bright temptation of the courtly throng,  
 Thy most inviting theme ? The *court* affords  
 Much food for satire ; — it abounds in lords.  
 " What lords are those saluting with a grin ?"  
 One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.  
 " How comes it then to pass, we see preside  
 On both their brows an equal share of *pride* ?"  
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,  
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

\* A famous statue.

As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,  
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.  
Some lords it bids admire their hands so white,  
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight :  
Some lords it bids *resign* ; and turns their wands,  
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.  
These sink, as divers, for renown ; and boast,  
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.  
But against reason sure 't is equal sin,  
The boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, strive  
To seem the most transported things alive !  
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood :  
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.  
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,  
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.  
Completely dress'd by Monteul \* and grimace,  
They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face :  
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,  
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.  
What bodily fatigue is half so bad ?  
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,  
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance* ;  
The tavern ! park ! assembly ! mask ! and play !  
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day !  
That wheel of fops ! that saunter of the town !  
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.  
Fools grin on fools, and, stoic-like, support,  
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.

\* A famous tailor.

Courts can give nothing to the *wise* and *good*,  
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.  
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create :  
None think the great unhappy, but the great :  
Fools gaze, and envy ; envy darts a sting,  
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show ;  
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe. .  
Give me, indulgent gods ! with mind serene,  
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene ;  
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there* :  
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;  
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest ;  
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;  
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.  
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,  
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still :  
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom  
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *squire* is *proud* to see his coursers strain,  
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.  
Say, dear Hippolytus, (whose drink is ale,  
Whose erudition is a *Christmas* tale,  
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,  
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back,)  
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,  
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,  
Is that *thy* praise ? Let Ringwood's fame alone ;  
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own ;  
Nor envies, when a gypsey *you* commit,  
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit ;

When you the dullest of dull things have said,  
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my Muse ! and then thy task renew :  
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.  
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates ;  
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates ;  
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind ;  
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;  
Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend ;  
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,  
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,  
At Bath, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,  
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass ?  
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,  
That runs for ages without winding-up ?  
Is there, whom his *tenth* *epic* mounts to fame ?  
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme :  
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,  
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad* ?

## SATIRE II.

My Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end ;  
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.  
*Heroes* and *gods* make other poems fine ;  
Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line :  
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose !  
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.  
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage ;  
'T is most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage :  
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,  
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,  
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,  
 Almighty *Vanity* ! to thee they owe  
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.  
 Thou, like the Sun, all *colours* dost contain,  
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.  
 For every soul finds reason to be proud,  
 Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,  
 Hippolytus \* demands the *ylvan* crown ;  
 But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,  
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !  
 Why teems the Earth ? Why melt the vernal skies ?  
 Why shines the Sun ? To make Paul Diack † rise.  
 From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,  
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good :  
 What shape ! What hue ! Was ever nymph so fair ?  
 He dotes ! he dies ! he too is *rooted* there.  
 O solid bliss ! which nothing can destroy,  
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.  
 In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,  
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight ;  
 The tulip 's dead ! See thy fair sister's fate,  
 O C—— ! and be kind, ere 't is too late.  
 Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all ;  
 Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.  
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame ;  
 A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name ;

\* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a tulip.

To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,  
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;  
But came, and miss'd it, one ill-fated hour:  
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *demon* cropt my  
flower?"

Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 't was crush'd by me;  
Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

But all men want *amusement*; and what crime  
In such a Paradise to fool their time?

None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar:  
We grant *they're idle*, if they 'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,  
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:  
But are those wiser whom we most admire,  
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?  
What 's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?  
Another Florio doting on a flower!  
A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung  
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?  
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.  
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,  
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.  
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,  
Gilt, and like them, devoted to the view!  
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 't is hard  
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;  
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home  
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,  
*Study* 's the specious *trifling* of the mind;

Or is at best a secondary aim,  
 A chase for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.  
 If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,  
 But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,  
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent ;  
 His farms were flown ; when, lo ! a sale comes on,  
 A choice collection ! what is to be done ?  
 He sells his *last* ; for he the whole will buy ;  
 Sells e'en his house ; nay, wants whereon to lie :  
 So high the generous ardour of the man  
 For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran. [clerk,  
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by the  
 Lorenzo sign'd the bargain — with his *mark*.  
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,  
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone  
 Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown :  
 Editions various, at high prices bought,  
 Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought* ;  
 And to this cost another must succeed,  
 To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read ;  
 Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;  
 But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between ;  
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,  
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good  
 The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,  
 In *arts* and *manners* eminently *grac'd*,  
 The strictest *honour* ! and the finest *taste* !  
 Accept this verse ; if Satire can agree  
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would Hilario mend,  
How would it grace the talents of my friend ;  
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,  
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit !  
But time his fervent petulance may cool ;  
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.  
In time he 'll learn to *use*, not *waste*, his *sense* ;  
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.  
He spares nor friend nor foe ; but calls to mind,  
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind. '.

What though *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,  
If still 't is *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.  
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,  
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;  
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword* ;  
And never on the *weak* ; or you 'll appear  
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.  
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,  
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set :  
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;  
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen.  
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find ;  
*Dull* is the *jestér*, when the *joke* 's *unkind*.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a *wit*,  
To pay my compliment, what place so fit ?  
His most facetious letters \* came to hand,  
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand :  
If that a *just* offence to Marcus gave,  
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *fool*, or *knavé* ?

\* Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

For all but such with caution I forbore ;  
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before :  
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who* ;  
 No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through .  
 False names are *vain*, thy lines their author tell ;  
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well* :  
 But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,  
 Of *others'* fame, great genius ! and thy *own*.  
 Write on unheeded ; and this maxim know,  
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull  
 Their *peevish* reason ; *vain* of being dull ;  
 When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,  
 In vengeance they determine — to be *fools* ;  
 Through spleen, that *little* Nature gave, make *less*,  
 Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness* ;  
 To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take ;  
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.  
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,  
 Most barbarously tell you — “ *He's a wit.* ”  
 Poor *negroes*, thus to show their burning spite  
 To cacodemons, say, they 're *devilish white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,  
 Sighs o'er one child ; but triumphs in the rest.  
 How just his *grief* ! one carries in his head  
 A less proportion of the father's lead ;  
 And is in danger, without special grace,  
 To rise above a justice of the peace.  
 The *dung-hill breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,  
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn* ;  
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,  
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,  
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son ;  
And by Heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea ;  
One learns to *lisp* ; another *not* to see :  
Miss D —, tottering, catches at your hand :  
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ? [pride,  
Whilst these, what Nature gave, disown through  
Others affect what Nature has denied ;  
What Nature has denied, fools will pursue :  
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Crassus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport !  
Supports grave forms ; for forms the sage support.  
He hems ; and cries, with an important air,  
" If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair :"  
Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true : [new.]  
And adds, " The learn'd delight in something  
Is 't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,  
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead ?  
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,  
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,  
Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)  
For ever will hang out a solemn face,  
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace :  
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,  
Illustrious mark ! where *pins* are to be sold.  
What 's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?  
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.  
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain ;  
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain* ;

And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,  
*Solemnity* 's a cover for a *sot*.

I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen* ;  
 For 't is the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Chesterfield, that openness of heart,  
 And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art ;  
 Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,  
 Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd  
 Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade ;  
 Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,  
 And hide secure behind a *naked face* !  
 Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,  
 And men talk only to *conceal* the mind :  
 Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,  
 And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone !

These all their care expend on outward show  
 For wealth and fame : for fame alone, the *beau*.  
 Of late at White's was young Florello seen !  
 How blank his look ! how discompos'd his mien !  
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !  
 Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;  
 His health was mended with a *silver lace*.  
 A curious artist, long inured to toils  
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,  
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,  
 So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.  
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,  
 And either shoulder has its share of fame ;  
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it lies,  
 Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.

He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)  
 Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.  
 Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye  
 On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,  
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart !  
 But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.  
 In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,  
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,  
 A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,  
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,  
 Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd  
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.  
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear ;  
 Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.  
 A fam'd surtout he wears, which *once* was blue,  
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe ;  
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)  
 Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame :  
 But open force was vain ; by night she went,  
 And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent* :  
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,  
 " And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out." \*

He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;  
 This hates the *filthy* creature ; that, the *prim* :  
 Thus, in each other, both these fools despise  
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;  
 Their methods various, but alike their aim ;  
 The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

\* Milton.

Ye Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,  
 When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;  
 Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,  
 And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.  
 You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,  
 Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass ;  
 While both are *one* : and henceforth be it known,  
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

“ But who art thou ? ” methinks Florello cries :  
 “ Of all thy species art *thou* only wise ? ”  
 Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,  
 As crossing straws retard a passing witch,  
 Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;  
 I’ll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.  
 O THOU myself ! abroad our counsels roam,  
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :  
 Thou too art wounded with the common dart,  
 And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;  
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?  
 Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.  
 Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,  
 Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?  
 While I a moment name, a moment’s past ;  
 I’m nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last* :  
 What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed ;  
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame ?  
 How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim !  
 For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,  
 But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,  
 That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,  
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour ?

## SATIRE III.

## TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt I long have sought  
 To ease the burthen of my grateful thought ;  
 And now a poet's gratitude you see ;  
 Grant him *two* favours, and he 'll ask for *three* :  
 For whose the present glory, or the gain ?  
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.  
 You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,  
 And know the basis of a solid fame ;  
 Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,  
 You read with all the *malice* of a *friend* ;  
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,  
 But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,  
 When wanted Britain bright examples more ?  
 Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays ;  
 And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days ;  
 As if men now were of another cast,  
 They meanly live on *alms* of ages past.  
 Men still are men ; and they who boldly dare,  
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair ;  
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take place  
 Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace ;  
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,  
 And damn it with *improvements* of their own.  
 We bring some new materials, and what 's old  
 New-cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould ;  
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse ;  
 And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.

“ Your work is long,” the critics cry. ‘T is true,  
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you :  
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame ;  
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;  
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,  
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,  
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,  
Will I enjoy (dread feast !) the critic’s rage,  
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.  
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,  
Than those who thunder in the critic’s name ?  
Good authors damn’d, have their revenge in *this*,  
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,  
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,  
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,  
“ Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !”  
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,  
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the *weather* dictates ; right  
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :  
Another judges by a surer gage,  
An author’s *principles*, or *parentage* ;  
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,  
The poem doubtless must be written well.  
Another judges by the writer’s *look* ;  
Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;  
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong to keep* ;  
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,  
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.

The very best *ambitiously* advise,  
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,  
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;  
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry  
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.  
Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown  
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste :  
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,  
And *eat* their way to *fame* ; with anxious thought  
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.  
Impatient art rebukes the Sun's delay,  
And bids December yield the fruits of May ;  
Their various cares in one great point combine  
The business of their lives, that is — *to dine*.  
Half of their precious day they give the *feast* ;  
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.  
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,  
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care  
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare* ;  
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,  
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.  
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,  
Much more the worm to whom that man is *meat*.

To glory some advance a lying claim,  
*Thieves* of renown, and *pilferers* of fame :  
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;  
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.  
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,  
*When turn'd away*, with a familiar leer ;

And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,  
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.  
 Niger adopts stray libels ; wisely prone  
 To covet shame still greater than his own.  
 Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,  
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.  
 Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,  
 Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name ;  
 Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,  
 And takes a memorandum to *forget*.  
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,  
 Men *forge the patents* that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,  
 So most grow infamous through love of praise.  
 But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,  
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise ?  
 For such the vanity of great and small,  
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.  
 Nor can e'en Satire blame them ; for 't is true,  
 They have most ample cause for what they do.  
 O fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant  
 A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.  
 Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,  
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.  
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,  
 Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;  
 A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn ;  
 Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.  
 When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,  
 In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment possest,  
 Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest :

What need he stay? for, when the joke is o'er,  
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.

Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,  
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;  
Of *houses* some; nay, houses that they *hire*:  
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;  
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life. [airs;

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their  
*My lord has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;  
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,  
*My lord wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To show the strength, and infamy of *pride*,  
By all 't is follow'd, and by all denied.

What numbers are there, which at once pursue  
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too!

Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,  
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;  
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,  
To win applause; and takes it by surprise.

"To err," says he, "in small things is my fate."  
You know your answer, "He's exact in great."

"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faulta."  
"But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"

That he wants algebra, he must confess;  
"But not a soul to give our arms success."

"Ah! That's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries;  
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

I own 't was wrong, when thousands call'd me back,  
To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;  
All say, 't was madness; nor dare I deny;  
Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,  
 It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee* ;  
 Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,  
 So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.  
 Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear ;  
 And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.  
 Are these expedients for renown ? Confess  
 Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake ;  
 Our fortunes there, nor *thou* nor *I* shall make.  
 Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,  
 In hardy service make a long campaign ;  
 Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,  
 And, oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*  
 With painful art, and application *warm*,  
 And take, at last, some *little place* by storm ;  
 Enough to keep *two shoes* on Sunday clean,  
 And *starve* upon discreetly, in Sheer-Lane.  
 Already *this* thy fortune can afford ;  
 Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.  
 'T is true, great fortunes some great men confer :  
 But often, even in doing right, they err :  
 From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come :  
 They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom :  
 The man that 's nearest, *yawning*, they advance :  
 'T is *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.  
 If *merit* sues, and *greatness* is so loth  
 To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.  
 I grant at court, Philander, at his need,  
 (Thanks to his lovely wife,) finds friends indeed.  
 Of every charm and virtue she 's possest :  
 Philander ! thou art exquisitely blest ;

The public envy ! Now then, 't is allow'd,  
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud :  
But, see ! how sickly is ambition's taste !  
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast ;  
For, lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,  
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation ; others buy ;  
And love a market where the rates run high :  
Italian music 's sweet, because 't is dear ;  
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear* :  
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,  
And Shakspcare's wretched stuff do quite as well ;  
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,  
And *own*, that English is their mother tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,  
*Imported* nymphs our peeresses outshine ;  
While *tradesmen* starve, these *Philomels* are gay ;  
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !  
The legislature join'd with Drury-Lane !  
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,  
And serve their *country* — if the *dance* is done.  
“ Are we not then allow'd to be polite ? ”  
Yes, doubtless ! but first set your notions right.  
*Worth*, of *politeness* is the needful ground ;  
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.  
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel ;  
'T is *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

Great, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,  
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways !  
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve ;  
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.

Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd ;  
 In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,  
 Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,  
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.  
 Inferior offerings to thy god of vice  
 Are duly paid, in *fiddles, cards, and dice* ;  
 Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids* !  
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !  
 If maids the quite exhausted town denies,  
 An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.  
 Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted land*,  
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.  
 And that thy minister may never fail,  
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,  
 Of *minor prophets* a succession sure  
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,  
 In solemn council met, and deep debate !  
 What god-like enterprise is taking birth ?  
 What wonder opens on th' expecting Earth ?  
 'T is done ! with loud applause the council rings !  
 Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings* !  
 Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths  
 like these,  
 Wilt none offend, whom 't is a praise to please :  
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd ; thou,  
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an aweful brow.  
 How terrible it were to common-sense,  
 To write a *satire*, which gave none *offence* !  
 And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,  
 If men dislike them, do they censure *me* ?  
 The fool, and knave, 't is glorious to offend,  
 And god-like an attempt the world to mend ;

The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,  
*Knaves* know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price !  
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,  
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,  
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence :  
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,  
A curse within, a smile upon his face :  
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,  
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life ;  
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,  
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.  
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*  
For men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,  
Whom my presaging thoughts already view  
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,  
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd ;  
And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,  
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd !  
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear ;  
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

## SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine  
grows,  
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :  
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitions *verse*, should be,  
(O ! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;

Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,  
 Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide ;  
 Deep to discern, and widely to survey,  
 And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;  
 Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,  
 The crown's assertor, and the people's friend :  
 Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,  
 To listen to the labours of the Muse ;  
 Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,  
 And 't is but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.  
 Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,  
 The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone ;  
 Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,  
 Devotes his service to the state and crown :  
 All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,  
 Though Britain's thankless, still *this patriot* loves :  
 But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,  
 He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good ;  
 Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees  
 What storms, or sunshine, Providence decrees ;  
 Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate ;  
 A quidnunc is an *almanac* of state.

You smile, and think *this statesman* void of use ;  
 Why may not time his secret worth produce ?  
 Since *apes* can roast the choice Castanian *nut* ;  
 Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *put* ;  
 Since half the Senate " Not content" can say,  
*Geese* nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel  
 kings ?  
 An incapacity for smaller things :  
 Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own estate*,  
 And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,  
And boldly claims a province higher still :  
'To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,  
At once, a Bible, and a *shoulder-knot* ;  
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,  
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul* ;  
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,  
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed ;  
How'e'er well-bred, in public he complies,  
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad  
For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.  
Have not *attainers* brought unhop'd relief,  
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief ?  
While the Sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous  
force ;

But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.  
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,  
Just as their *mercury* is high or low :  
Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark ;  
A fever argues better than a Clarke :  
Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,  
The Grecian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray ;  
While C —— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,  
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C ——, who makes merry with the Creed,  
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed* ;  
But only thinks so : to give both their due,  
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.  
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,  
That they 're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian *club* disclaims;  
Nay, a free-mason, with some terrour, names;  
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,  
He miss'd, these many years, the church, or play:  
He makes no noise in parliament, 't is true;  
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 't is due;  
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,  
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;  
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,  
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.  
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,  
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,  
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,  
For ornament, in every public place;  
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,  
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms!  
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,  
And, join'd to two, he fails not — to make three:  
Narcissus is the glory of his race;  
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd  
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,  
Who want, while through blank life they dream  
along,  
*Sense* to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,  
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;  
What other men dislike, is sure to please,  
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;  
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,  
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing *ill*.

Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,  
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage ;  
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,  
Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends ;  
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,  
And blush, if you surprise them in the *right* ;  
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,  
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that 's *out*.  
His passion for absurdity 's so strong,  
He cannot bear a *rival* in the *wrong* ;  
Though wrong the mode, comply ; more sense is  
shown

In wearing *others'* follies, than *your own*.  
If what is out of fashion most you prize,  
Methinks you should endeavour to be *wise*.  
But what in oddness can be more sublime  
Than Sloane, the foremost *toymen* of his time ?  
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,  
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inhances,  
And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,  
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru !  
How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore  
That painted coat, which Joseph *never* wore !  
He shows, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,  
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.

“ Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,  
Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,  
Was ever year unblest as *this* ? ” he 'll cry,  
“ It has not brought us one new *butterfly* ! ”

In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,  
Unhappy I——y ! how came *you* to please ?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game ;  
But, in effect, his chase is much the same :  
Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,  
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate* :  
Where'er their *lordships* go, they never find  
Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind ;  
He *sets* them sure, where'er their *lordships* run,  
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun* ;  
As if their *grandeur* by contagion wrought,  
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught :  
But after seven years' dance, from place to place,  
The Dane \* is more familiar with his grace.

Who 'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer ;  
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,  
For ever whispering *secrets*, which were blown  
For months before, by trumpets, through the town ?  
Who 'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,  
Still to reflect the temper of his face ?  
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,  
When my lord 's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave ?  
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please  
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease ?  
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,  
When the peer *rashly* swears he 'll club his joke ?  
Who 'd shake with laughter, though he could not  
find  
His lordship's jest ; or, if his nose broke wind,

\* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyll.

For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,  
That can cry, "Chimney sweep," or drive a plough ?  
With terms like these, how mean the tribe that close !  
Scarce meaner they, who terms like these impose.

But what 's the tribe most likely to comply ?  
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye ;  
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold  
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold :  
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,  
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast :  
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,  
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.  
"Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,  
Pelham's magnificent ; but I can write,  
And what to my great soul like glory dear ?"  
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,  
That *fame* 's unwholesome taken without *meat*,  
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat* :  
Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he *writ*,  
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah ! what avails it, when his *dinner* 's lost,  
That his triumphant name adorns a *post* ?  
Or that his shining page (provoking fate !)  
*Defends* sirloins, which sons of dullness *eat* ?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,  
What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,  
When the poor Muse, for less than half-a-crown,  
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,  
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,  
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint ?

Ye bards ! why will you sing, though uninspir'd ?  
Ye bards ! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd* ?

*Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,*  
*Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press ?*  
*Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,*  
*Like hair, will sprout, although the poet's dead.*

All other trades *demand, verse-makers beg;*  
*A dedication is a wooden-leg;*  
*A barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,*  
*Exposees borrow'd brats to move compassion.*  
*Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;*  
*Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.*  
*"Is 't then a crime to write?" — If talent rare*  
*Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear: [men,*  
*For some, though few, there are, large-minded*  
*Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;*  
*Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,*  
*Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;*  
*Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit;*  
*My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.*  
*Argyll true wit is studious to restore;*  
*And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;*  
*Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires*  
*And Henrietta like a Muse inspirea.*

But ah! not *inspiration* can obtain  
*That fame, which poets languish for in vain.*  
*How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive*  
*To grasp, what no man can possess *alive!**  
*Fame's a *reversion*, in which men take place*  
*(O late reversion!) at their own decease.*  
*This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,*  
*He starves his authors, that their works may sell.*

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;  
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;

Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags* ;  
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.  
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,  
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold* ;  
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,  
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street.  
From rescued candles' ends who rais'd a sum,  
And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plum*.  
A *beardless* miser ! 'T is a guilt unknown  
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band  
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.  
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies ;  
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.  
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down ;  
No rival can prevail — but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,  
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made* :  
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,  
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd :  
He 'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain :  
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

" Who 'd be a slave ? " the gallant Colonel cries,  
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.  
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right —  
*Just* is his title — for he will not *fight* :  
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,  
As maids of honour *beauty* — by their *place* :  
But, when indulging on the last campaign,  
*His* lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain ;  
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,  
*A sweet revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,  
 A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid* :  
 Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;  
 Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch, destroy*.  
 'T is the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;  
 But if you pay yourself, the world is free.  
 Were there no tongue to speak them but his own.  
 Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.  
 Augustus' deeds ! if that ambiguous name  
 Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,  
 Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak ;  
 The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

## SATIRE V.

## ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation ! last and best !  
 Of all God's works ! Creature in whom excell'd,  
 Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
 How art thou lost ! — MILTON.

Nor reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone ;  
 Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own ;  
 But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,  
 Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings* :  
 Attend, and you discern it in the fair  
 Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair* ;  
 Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye* ;  
 Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.  
 The *sex* we honour, though their faults we  
 blame ;  
 Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme :

A theme, fair —— ! doubly kind to me,  
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee* ;  
Who wouldest not bear, too modestly refin'd,  
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,  
Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;  
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight  
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight :  
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the Sun,  
Through every *sign* of vanity they run ;  
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls ;  
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,  
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,  
And fortune-tellers, caves, and lions' dens,  
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,  
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,  
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,  
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger !) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame ;  
And love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame ;  
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses ; *then*,  
Like April suns, dives into clouds again :  
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms ;  
*Then*, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms ;  
'T is, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,  
And to be taken with a sudden pain ;  
*Then*, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,  
And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this :  
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *s spite* !  
And looks delightfully with all her might !  
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than *wise*,  
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows ;  
 Without she freezes, and within she glows :  
 Twice ere the Sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,  
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd.  
 She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,  
 In — Cleopatra, or the last new play.  
 Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,  
 Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,  
 Who through good-breeding is ill company ;  
 Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,  
 Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace* ;  
 To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,  
 And *vows* — “ that her great-grandfather is dead.”

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear ;  
 But 't is a task indeed to learn — *to hear* :  
 In that the skill of conversation lies ;  
 That *shows*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise.

Xantippe cries, “ Let nymphs who nought can  
 say  
 Be lost in silence, and resign the day ;  
 And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,  
 By tame behaviour, and a soft address !”  
 Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply  
 With all the dictates of *humanity* ;  
 Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit  
 To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit* ;  
 Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,  
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain :  
 But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word  
 Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,  
 Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,  
 Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame ;  
But keen Xantippe, scorning *borrow'd* flame,  
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,  
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea* :  
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,  
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice :  
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,  
And the *last word* is her eternal right.  
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise  
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise* ?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng  
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong :  
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state !  
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate* !  
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;  
We *make* misfortune ; *suicides* in woe.  
Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !  
Is *Nature* backward to torment, or kill ?  
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,  
(That iron tongue of Death !) with solemn knell,  
On *Folly*'s errands as we vainly roam, [home !  
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from  
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid-stage we tread,  
Few know so many friends, *alive*, as *dead*.  
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chase  
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace ;  
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,  
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the *week* :  
Our very joys are anxious, and expire  
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.  
Now what reward for all this grief and toil ?  
But *one*, a female friend's endearing smile ;

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,  
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,  
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;  
Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,  
*Husbands* look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *ylvan* race our active nymphs pursue ;  
Man is not all the game they have in view :  
In woods and fields their glory they complete ;  
There *Master* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate ;  
While fair *Miss* Charles to toilets is confin'd,  
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.  
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,  
And volt from *hunters* to the *managed steed* ;  
Command his prancings with a martial air,  
And *Fobert* has the forming of the *fair*.

More than *one* steed must *Delia*'s empire feel,  
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel* ;  
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,  
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong !  
Graceful as *John*, she moderates the reins,  
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains :  
*Sesostris*-like, such charioteers as *these*  
May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please :  
They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smit,  
*Leap, swim, shoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the belles-lettres lovely *Daphne* reigns ;  
Again the god *Apollo* wears her chains :  
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,  
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits :  
Of each performance she 's the final test ;  
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;

And then, pronouncing with decisive air,  
Fully convinces all the town — *she 's fair.*  
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,  
How would her elegance of taste decrease !  
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,  
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.

“ But hold,” she cries, “ lampooner ! have a care ;  
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair ?”  
O no : see Stella ; her *eyes* shine as bright,  
As if her tongue was never in the right ;  
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !  
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire :  
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)  
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear ?  
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,  
Nor is 't a sanction for *impertinence*.

Sempronia lik'd her man ; and well she might ;  
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright ;  
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,  
That claims just empire o'er the female heart :  
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,  
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd :  
Large his possessions, and beyond her own ;  
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town :  
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,  
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *threescore*.  
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear ;  
*Of pride* and *avarice* who can cure the fair ?

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true ;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;  
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights ;  
But fools create themselves new appetites :

Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,  
 Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.  
 When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,  
 In *nature*'s narrow sphere, our solid joys,  
 In *fancy*'s airy land of noise and show,  
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow ;  
*Like cats in air-pumps*, to subsist we strive  
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.  
 Lemira's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call :  
 He comes ; but where 's his patient ? At the ball.  
 The doctor stares ; her woman curt'sies low,  
 And cries, " My lady, sir, is always so :  
 Diversions put her maladies to flight ;  
 True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night :  
 I 've known my lady (for she loves a tune)  
 For *fevers* take an opera in June :  
 And, though perhaps you 'll think the practice  
 bold,  
 A midnight park is sovereign for a *cold* ;  
 With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;  
 With *indigestions*, supper just at three."  
 A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,  
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance* ?  
 Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,  
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home* :  
 For want — but not of health, are ladies ill ;  
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.  
 Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair  
 Yon lady lolls ! With what a tender air !  
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when,  
 O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.

Is her lord angry, or has Veny \* chid ?  
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?  
“ Late sitting-up has turn’d her roses white.”  
Why went she not to bed ? “ Because ‘t was *night*.”  
Did she then dance or play ? “ Nor this, nor that.”  
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.  
“ No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose,  
Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning *rose*.”  
Then lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,  
Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed :  
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies ;  
Her soul is silly, but her body ‘s wise.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,  
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.  
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite ;  
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night :  
Next day she shines in *glossy black* ; and then  
Revolves into her native *red* again :  
Like a dove’s neck, she shifts her transient charms,  
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass ;  
Nor finds that *one*, but in her looking-glass .  
Yet Laura ‘s beautiful to such excess,  
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.  
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,  
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*. [pours,  
How gay *they* smile ! Such blessings *Nature*  
O’erstock’d mankind enjoy but half her stores :  
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,  
She rears her flowers, and spreads her *velvet green* ;

• Lap-dog.

M 2

Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
 And waste their music on the savage race.  
 Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss ?  
 Repine we guiltless in a world like this ?  
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,  
 And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.  
 Such Fulvia's passion for the town ; fresh air  
 (An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair ;  
 Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,  
 And larks, and nightingales, are odious things ;  
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight ;  
 And to be press'd to death, transports her quite :  
 Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,  
 And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their  
 shades,  
 Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,  
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene ?  
 Or is the public to the private scene ?  
 Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way :  
 Through briars and brambles in the world we stray ;  
 Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,  
 And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,  
 Which choke our passage, our career controul,  
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.  
 O sacred solitude ! divine retreat !  
 Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !  
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,  
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid :  
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace  
 (Strangers on Earth !) are innocence and peace :  
 There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,  
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;

*There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,  
This life we relish, and ensure the *next* ;  
There too the Muses sport ; these numbers free,  
Pierian Eastbury ! I owe to thee.*

There sport the Muses ; but not there alone :  
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.  
Nought but a genius can a genius fit ;  
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit :  
Both wits ! though miracles are said to cease,  
Three days, three wondrous days ! they liv'd in  
peace ;

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,  
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose :  
The learned war both wage with equal force,  
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phoebe, though she possesses nothing less,  
Is proud of being rich in happiness ;  
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,  
Content with pains, since they 're reputed joys.  
With what well-acted transport will she say,  
" Well, sure we were so happy *yesterday* !"  
And then that charming party for *to-morrow* ! "  
Though, well she knows, 't will languish into sorrow :  
But she dares never boast the *present* hour ;  
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power :  
For such is or our weakness, or our curse,  
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,  
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,  
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;  
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy* ;

We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :  
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains ;  
 What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,  
 Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;  
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,  
 There's no satiety of charms divine :  
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears  
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears :  
 She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,  
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd ;  
 The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found  
 (Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd.  
 " What miracle," says Strephon, " makes thee  
 weep ?"  
 " Ah, barbarous man," she cries, " how could you —  
 sleep ?"

Men love a *mistress* as they love a *feast* ;  
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste* !  
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,  
 We wish our *mistress*, and our meat, *away* :  
 But soon the sated appetites return,  
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn :  
*Eternal* love let man, then, never swear ;  
 Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair* ;  
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill ;  
 Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,  
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind :  
 But not of that unfashionable set  
 Is Phyllis ; Phyllis and her Damon met.

Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;  
Phyllis demands eternal love at *least*.  
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,  
*Eternal* love I vow, the swain replies :  
But say, my *all*, my *mistress*, and my *friend* !  
What day next week, th' *eternity* shall *end* ?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love* ;  
Elope from mortal man, and range above.  
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,  
Where, in a box, the whole creation lies :  
She sees the planets in their turns advance,  
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance :  
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air ;  
And Whiston has *engagements* with the fair.  
What vain experiments Sophronia tries !  
'T is not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.  
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,  
(O fickle sex !) soon end her learned pains.  
Lo ! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,  
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.  
To ——— turn ; she never took the height  
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.  
She strikes each point with native force of mind,  
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.  
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,  
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.  
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,  
When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;  
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe ;  
In crowds, collected ; and in courts, sincere ;  
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,  
She takes a noble pride in doing good ;

Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,  
 The mode she fixes by the gown she wears ;  
 Of *silks* and *china* she 's the last appeal ;  
 In these great points she *leads* the commonweal ;  
 And if disputes of *empire* rise between  
 Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,  
 'T is doubt ! 't is darkness ! till suspended fate  
 Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.  
 When such her mind, why will the fair express  
 Their emulation only in their *dress* ?

But oh ! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,  
 And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,  
 Resolv'd the *church*'s welfare to ensure,  
 And make her family a *sine-cure* :  
 The theme divine at *cards* she 'll not forget,  
 But *takes* in texts of *Scripture* at *picquet* ;  
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
 And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.  
 What angels would those be, who thus excel  
 In theologies, could they *sew* as well !  
 Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ?  
 Can she more decently the doctor woo ?  
 'T is hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*  
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,  
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,  
 To beauteous Marcia often will repair  
 With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.  
 O how his pious soul exults to find  
 Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind !  
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he  
 Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee* ;

*Hums* round about her, and with all his power  
*Extracts* sweet wisdom from so fair a flower !

The young and *gay* declining, Appia flies  
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise* :  
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,  
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happiness ? look round and see  
What *gay* distress ! what splendid misery !  
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,  
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.  
Wealth is a cheat ; believe not what it says :  
Like any lord, it *promises*—and *pays*.  
How will the miser startle, to be told  
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold !  
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight ;  
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,  
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view ;  
It charms us *now* ; *anon* we cast anew ;  
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd :  
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,  
And think accomplishments will win the fair ;  
The *fair*, 't is true, by *genius* should be won,  
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *Sun* ;  
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,  
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.  
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye  
As riot, impudence, and perfidy ;  
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,  
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;  
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,  
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;

And amply gives (though treated long amiss)  
 The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.  
 If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,  
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *wil*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,  
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;  
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid  
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
 Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,  
 She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room :  
 But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
 To scale the Alps — that is, ascend the *stairs*.  
*My fan* ! let others say, who laugh at toil ;  
 Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her *laconic* style ;  
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
 That Betty rather *sees* than *hears* the call :  
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,  
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.  
 O listen with attention most profound !  
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.  
 And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,  
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.  
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
 She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.  
 Let the robust and the gigantic *carve*,  
 Life is not worth so much, she 'd rather *starve* :  
 But chew she must herself ; ah cruel fate !  
 That Rosalinda can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies  
 (Kind Heaven !) against the *poison* of their eyes.  
 Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien ;  
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.

In fair and open dealing where 's the shame?  
What Nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.  
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,  
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.  
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,  
If wanton language shows a *naked* mind.)  
And, now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.  
Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,  
And teach the neighbouring Echoes how to swear.  
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain ;  
She, on the Christian system, is profane.  
But though the volley rattles in your ear,  
Believe her *dress*, she 's not a grenadier.  
If thunder 's aweful, how much more our dread,  
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead ?  
A *lady* ? pardon my mistaken pen,  
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.  
Few to good-breeding make a just pretence ;  
Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense ;  
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,  
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.  
A violated decency now reigns ;  
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.  
With Chinese painters modern *toasts* agree,  
The point they aim at is *deformity* :  
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air  
Across the room, and *toss* into the chair.  
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,  
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.  
The modest look, the castigated grace,  
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,

For which her lovers *died*, her parents *paid*,  
 Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.  
 Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude,  
 Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.  
*Modern* good-breeding carry to its height,  
 And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair ! ye bloom of Britain's isle !  
 When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,  
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,  
 What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.  
 Her bright example with success pursue,  
 And all, but adoration, is your due.

“ But adoration ! give me something *more*,”  
 Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threescore* :  
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of *Time* ;  
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;  
 'T is greatly wise to know, before we 're told,  
 The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.  
 Autumnal Lycé carries in her face  
*Memento mori* to each public place.  
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms,  
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms !  
 While rival *undertakers* hover round,  
 And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground.  
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,  
 She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.  
 In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,  
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.  
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,  
 And nought of Lycé but *herself* is old.  
 Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,  
 And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.

Her strange demand no mortal can approve,  
We 'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.  
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline  
(All ladies *but herself*) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age  
Of prudent Portia! *Her* gray hairs *engage*,  
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :  
Virtue 's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine ;  
That, and that *only*, can old age sustain ;  
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.  
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new ;  
And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;  
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,  
And downward tend into the vale of age,  
They drop *apace* ; by *nature* some decay,  
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away ;  
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud  
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.  
Where 's Portia now ? — But Portia left behind  
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.  
What heart untouched their *early* grief can view,  
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew ?  
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,  
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?  
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,  
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ;  
*Fancy* and *passion* toss it to and fro ;  
Awhile torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.  
Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust  
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.  
Life swarms with ills ; the *boldest* are afraid :  
Where then is safety for a *tender maid* ?

Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,  
 And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !  
 When kind, most cruel ; when oblig'd the most,  
 The least obliging ; and by favours lost.  
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate ;  
 And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.  
 If on your fame *our sex* a blot has thrown,  
 'T will ever stick, through malice of your *own*.  
 Most hard ! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies ;  
 And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise :  
 Then please the *best* ; and know, for men of sense,  
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.  
*Arts* on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,  
 Fright him, that 's worth your love, from your em-  
 brace.

In *simple* manners all the secret lies ;  
 Be kind and virtuous, you 'll be blest and wise.  
 Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,  
 Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.  
 Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,  
 Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.  
 Your sex's glory 't is, to shine *unknown* ;  
 Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.  
 Beware the fever of the *mind* ! that thirst  
 With which the age is eminently curst :  
 To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire ;  
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;  
 Take *pain* from life, and *terrour* from the tomb ;  
 Give *peace in hand* ; and promise *bliss to come*.

SATIRE VI.  
ON WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELISABETH  
GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit comœdia vocem.

Hor.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.  
Apollo whisper'd in my ear — “ Germain.” —  
I know her not. — “ Your reason 's somewhat odd ;  
Who knows his patron, now ?” replied the god.  
“ Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown ;  
Then steal great names, to shield them from the  
town :

Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,  
To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid ;  
Should *she* refuse to patronise your lays,  
In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.  
Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;  
When such the theme, 't will easily be done.”

Ye fair ! to draw your excellence at length,  
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength ;  
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see ;  
Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.  
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side* ;  
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride :  
He 's *dear*, you *frugal* ; choose my *cheaper lay* ;  
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *profane* ;  
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.

She decently, *in form*, pays Heaven its due ;  
 And makes a civil visit to her pew.  
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,  
 Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer* :  
 Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed ;  
 Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.  
 Or, if she joins the service, 't is to *speak* ;  
 Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break :  
 Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*  
 To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.  
 But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd* ;  
 For they 're before their Maker — and *mankind* :  
 When ladies once are proud of praying well,  
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,  
 Drusa receives her visitants in bed ;  
 But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy  
 The very blackest tongue of calumny,  
 When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,  
 She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,  
 That makes the banquet poignant and polite.  
 There is no woman, where there 's no *reserve* ;  
 And 't is on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.  
 But with a modern fair, meridian merit  
 Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.  
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye ;  
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.  
 “ Or if you take a lion by the beard \*,  
 Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,

\* Shakspeare.

Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"  
First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.  
This lady glories in profuse expense ;  
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.  
To beggar her gallant is *some* delight ;  
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite* ;  
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?  
In *duel* fell two lovers ; one run *mad* ;  
Her foes their honest execrations pour ;  
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,  
And generously supports him in his want.  
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,  
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.  
She 's faithful, she 's observant, and with pains  
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.  
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,  
But that of *guilt* above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;  
Whate'er she is, she 'll not *appear* a saint :  
Her soul superior flies formality ;  
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,  
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*. —  
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs ;  
Her cushion 's thread-bare with her constant prayers.  
Her only grief is, that she cannot be  
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.  
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,  
" Who would not think that Abra was a maid ? "

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed ;  
For where 's the man that 's worthy of their bed ?

If no disease reduce her pride before,  
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.  
Then she submits to venture in the dark ;  
And nothing now is wanting — but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;  
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,  
Are but the *ground of unmade* happiness ;  
The rude *material* : *wisdom* add to *this*,  
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss ;  
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,  
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread ;  
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)  
If she can work in *gold*, 't is better still.

If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,  
None could too much admire her excellence :  
But since she can make *errour* shine so bright,  
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.  
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;  
And by too great accomplishments undone :  
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,  
For ever most *distinctly* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be ;  
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty* :  
Let men *discover*, let not her *display*,  
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,  
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.  
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,  
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.  
In vain she 's *proud* of secret innocence ;  
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,  
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace* :  
He lov'd her much ; and greatly was he mov'd  
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

“ How charming this ! ” — The pleasure lasted long ;  
Now every day the fits come thick and strong :  
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd* ;  
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.  
What greater vengeance have the gods in store ?  
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more !  
She tries a thousand arts ; but none succeed :  
She 's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed* ;  
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,  
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,  
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :  
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;  
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.  
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,  
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.

“ You went last night with Celia to the ball.”  
You prove it false. “ Not go ! that 's worst of all.”  
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame ;  
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.  
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen ;  
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin :  
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,  
There 's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest ;  
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf  
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she 's exquisitely fair :  
Should I dispute her beauty, how she 'd stare !

How would Melania be surpris'd to hear  
 She 's quite deform'd ! And yet the case is clear ;  
 What 's female beauty, but an air divine,  
 Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine ?  
 They, like the Sun, irradiate all between ;  
 The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.  
 Hence, men are often captives of a face,  
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace :  
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear* ;  
 Some, none *resist*, though not exceeding fair.

Aspasia 's highly born, and nicely bred,  
 Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read ;  
 Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,  
 But to be *teas'd* by her own excellence.

“ Folks are so awkward ! Things so unpolite ! ”  
 She 's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.  
 Her delicacy 's shock'd where'er she goes ;  
 Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.  
 Heaven by its favour has the fair distrest,  
 And pour'd such blessings — that she *can't* be blest.

Ah ! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring ?  
 Thou *shining, frail, ador'd*, and *wretched* thing !  
 Old-age *will* come ; disease *may* come before ;  
*Fifteen* is full as mortal as *threescore*.  
 Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay :  
 But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,  
 Their basis totters, their foundation shakes ;  
 Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;  
 Then *wrought* into the soul let *virtues* shine ;  
 The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia 's a manager ; she 's born for rule ;  
 And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool* ;

Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*  
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed :  
For difficult amours can smooth the way,  
And tender letters *dictate, or convey.*  
But, if depriv'd of such important cares,  
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.  
For her *own breakfast* she 'll *project a scheme,*  
Nor *take her tea* without a *stratagem ;*  
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious face ;*  
Important, by the *virtue of grimace.*  
Ladies supreme among amusements reign ;  
By nature born to *soothe, and entertain.*  
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies :  
Why will they be so *weak, as to be wise ?*

Syrena is for ever in extremes,  
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames.  
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,  
She strains too much to make it understood.  
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong ;  
Because she 's right, she 's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta 's wise in actions, great, and rare :  
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.  
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,  
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.  
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear ;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,  
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you 'll see,  
*Simplex munditiis*, to the last degree :  
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is untied,  
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.

She draws her words, and waddles in her pace ;  
 Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.  
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves ;  
 And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.  
 Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist ;  
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.  
 Lovers, beware ! to wound how can she fail  
 With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail ?  
 For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,  
 Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *toast*, for thee.  
 Since full each other station of *renown*,  
 Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town ?  
 Women were made to give our eyes delight ;  
 A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame*,  
 That her *dear self* is her eternal theme ;  
 Through hopes of contradiction, oft she 'll say,  
 " Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day !"  
 When most the world applauds you, most beware ;  
 'T is often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.  
 Distrust *mankind* ; with your own *heart* confer ;  
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.  
 The breath of *others* raises our *renown* ;  
 Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.  
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,  
 Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your *fame*.

But own I must, in this perverted age,  
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.  
 So far is worth from making glory sure,  
 It often hinders what it should procure. [wise ?  
 Whom praise we *most* ? The virtuous, brave, and  
 No ; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.

And who so blind, as not to see the cause ?  
No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause ;  
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,  
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all* :  
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall ?  
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,  
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.  
Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim  
Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

But Clio thus : " What ! railing without end ?  
Mean task ! how much more generous to com-  
mend ! "

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,  
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

" Daphnis," says Clio, " has a charming eye :  
What pity 't is her shoulder is awry !  
Aspasia's shape indeed — But then her air —  
The man has parts who finds destruction there.  
Almeria's wit has something that 's divine ;  
And wit 's enough — how few in all things shine !  
Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor —  
Who was it said Selina 's near threescore ?  
At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice ;  
The world congratulates so wise a choice ;  
His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great —  
But mortgages will sap the best estate.  
In Shirley's form might cherubims appear ;  
But then — she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."  
Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,  
The first of women, and the best of friends ;  
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright ;  
But how comes this to pass ? — She died last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail :  
 Indeed that 's needless, if *such praise* prevail.  
 And whence such praise ? Our virulence is thrown  
 On *others' fame*, through fondness for our *own*.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns ;  
 For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns* ?  
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,  
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.  
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;  
 Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.  
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,  
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.  
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit* ;  
 And quite as much detested as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine ?  
 Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine ?  
 Wisdom to gold prefer ; for 't is much less  
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.  
 That happiness which great ones often see,  
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree ;  
 Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor !  
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store !  
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state* ;  
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.  
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings ;  
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.  
 Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,  
 Our envy would be due to large expense.  
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,  
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.  
 See how they beg an alms of flattery !  
 They languish ! oh support them with a *lie* !

*A decent competence we fully taste ;  
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast :  
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone ;  
The rich must labour to possess their own,  
To feel their great abundance ; and request  
Their humble friends to help them to be blest ;  
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,  
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.* [divine,

*But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth  
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.*

*All hoarded treasures they repute a load ;  
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.  
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,  
Through secret streams diffusively they bless ;  
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,  
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.*

*But Satire is my task ; and these destroy  
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.  
Help me, ye misers ! help me to complain,  
And blast our common enemy, Germain :  
But our invectives must despair success ;  
For, next to praise, she values nothing less.*

*What picture 's yonder, loosen'd from its frame ?  
Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame ?  
The brightest forms, through affectation, fade  
To strange new things, which Nature never made.  
Frown not, ye fair ! so much your sex we prize,  
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.  
In Albucinda's native grace is seen  
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.  
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,  
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.*

Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,  
 And all the movements of the soft machine :  
 How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,  
 To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau :  
 While one white finger and a thumb conspire  
 To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea ! how I tremble at thy fatal stream !  
 As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.  
 What devastations on thy banks are seen !  
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been !  
 A *hecatomb* of characters supplies  
 Thy painted altars' daily sacrifice.  
 H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay,  
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,  
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste ;  
 Scandal 's the sweetener of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,  
 And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine* ;  
*Spirits* no longer shall serve *under* thee ;  
 But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea* !  
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,  
 And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie ?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,  
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd ;  
 At length, to rescue man, the generous lass  
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass ;  
 As glorious as the British queen renown'd,  
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,  
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal ! for thy severer rage !  
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,  
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?  
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd  
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd ;  
Without thin *decency* held up to view,  
Naked she stalks o'er Law and Gospel too.  
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,  
Men sigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives* ;  
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,  
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.  
Abroad too kind, at home 't is stedfast hate,  
And one eternal tempest of debate.  
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek !  
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek !  
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand !  
But then, their *reason* is at due command.  
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?  
Trust no soul with the secret — but his wife.  
*Wives* wonder that their conduct I condemn,  
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them ?  
What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see !  
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity !  
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming !  
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, garning !  
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence ;  
Such griping avarice, such profuse expense ;  
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes ;  
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times ;  
Such venal faith, such misapplied applause ;  
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws !  
Such dissolution through the whole I find,  
'T is not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*  
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *Hell* ;  
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all  
 Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.  
 Atheists have been but rare ; since Nature's birth,  
 Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on Earth.  
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs  
 This daring character, in timorous things ?  
 Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,  
 A match for nothing — but the *Deity*.  
 But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own  
 In this pursuit they court not fame alone ;  
 But join to that a more substantial view,  
 “ From thinking free, to be free agents too.”  
 They strive with their own hearts, and keep them  
 down,  
 In complaisance to all the fools in town.  
 O how they tremble at the name of *prude* !  
 And die with shame at thought of being *good* !  
 For what will *Artimis*, the rich and gay,  
 What will the wits, that is, the *coxcombs*, say ?  
 They Heaven defy, to Earth's vile dregs a slave ;  
 Through cowardice, most execrably brave.  
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,  
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.  
 Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise ;  
 They dread a satire, who defy the skies.  
 Atheists are few : most nymphs a Godhead own ;  
 And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.  
 From atheists far, they stedfastly believe  
 God is, and is Almighty — to *forgive*.

His other excellence they 'll not dispute ;  
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.  
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain  
A *lady*'s soul in everlasting pain ?  
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,  
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy ?  
No, he 's for ever in a smiling mood ;  
He 's like themselves ; or how could he be good ?  
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.  
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,  
The *pure* ! the *just* ! and set up, in his stead,  
A deity, that 's perfectly *well-bred*.

“ Dear Tillotson ! be sure the best of men ;  
Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.  
Though once upon a time he misbehav'd ;  
Poor Satan ! doubtless, he 'll at length be sav'd.  
Let priests do something for their one in ten ;  
It is their *trade* ; so far they 're honest men.  
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,  
And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black* ;  
Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,  
From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.  
Of Earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;  
But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.  
*Virtue* 's a *pretty thing to make a show* :  
Did ever mortal write like Rouchefoucault ?”  
Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologist,  
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain ;  
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.  
For what 's true beauty, but fair *virtue's face* ?  
*Virtue* made *visible* in outward grace ?

She, then, that 's haunted with an impious mind,  
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* man-kind.

But charms decline : the fair long vigils keep :  
They sleep no more ! Quadrille has murder'd sleep.\*  
" Poor K—p !" cries Livia ; " I have not been there  
These two nights ; the poor creature will despair.  
I hate a crowd — but to do good, you know —  
And people of condition should bestow."  
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run ;  
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son ;  
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly ;  
And beggar half their race — through *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,  
I less should blame this criminal delight :  
But since the gay assembly's gayest room  
Is but an upper story to some tomb,  
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,  
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.  
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,  
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;  
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;  
Inveighs at Heaven, neglects the ties of blood ;  
Destroys the power and will of doing good ;  
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
And, what is still more dreadful — spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,  
The *scandal* and the *ruin* of our isle !  
And see (strange sight !) amid that ruffian band,  
A form divine high wave her snowy hand ;

\* Shakspeare.

That rattles loud a small enchanted box,  
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.  
And as fierce storms, which Earth's foundation  
shook,

From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,  
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,  
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !  
For men, I mean — the fair discharges none ;  
She (guiltless creature !) swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles  
swell !

Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.  
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs !  
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !  
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,  
And on her pillow lays her aching head,  
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,  
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round ;  
Imaginary ruin charms her still ;  
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadille* :  
And if she 's brought to bed, 't is ten to one,  
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horrour, and of wild despair,  
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir  
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,  
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ? [cry ?

Why that drawn sword ? and whence that dismal  
Why pale distraction through the family ?  
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,  
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.  
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent ?  
What fiends that *daughter*'s destin'd match prevent ?

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid,  
O nothing, but last night — my lady *play'd*.  
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?  
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?  
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,  
'T was first a *vain-devotion* to the *mode* ;  
Nor cease we *here*, since 't is a vice so strong ;  
The torrent sweeps all woman-kind along.  
This may be said, in honour of our times,  
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take Nature for your guide :  
*Love* has some soft excuse to soothe your pride :  
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient power !  
Can nothing *rarish*, but a *golden shower*?  
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ;  
Must Cupid learn to *punt*, e'er he can *please*?  
When you 're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,  
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste*?  
Why must strong youths *unmarried* pine away ?  
They find no woman *disengag'd* — from play.  
Why pine the *married*? — O severer fate !  
They find from play no *disengag'd* — *estate*.  
Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,  
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.  
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age ;  
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.  
While *Death* stands by, but till the game is done,  
To sweep that *stake*, in justice, long his *own* ;  
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire ;  
Or, like snuff's sunk in sockets, blazes higher.  
Ye gods ! with *new* delights inspire the fair ;  
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*,  
close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose* :

Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,

In spite of all our wisdom, you 'll proceed :

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.

I hear you cry, " This fellow 's very odd."

When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod ?

But I 've a charm your anger shall control,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the *volc*.

The charm begins ! To yonder flood of light,  
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.  
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with  
    awe ?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law ;

'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart

Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art* !

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,

Excess of goodness ! it has dawn'd on me :

When in my page, to balance numerous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,

She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew

From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind \*,  
To her own charms most amiably blind,  
On the green margin innocently stood,  
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood ;  
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,  
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

\* Milton.

## SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.  
VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,  
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain :  
To *thee*, 't is due ; that verse how justly thine,  
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design !  
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright ;  
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.  
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known,  
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme ;  
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.  
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see  
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee !  
Say, Britain ! whence this caprice of thy sons,  
Which through their various ranks with fury runs ?  
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless ;  
For caprice is the daughter of *success*.  
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)  
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause ;  
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth increase*,  
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.  
While I survey the blessings of our isle,  
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,  
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,  
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,

The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,  
And shows the madness of ambitious men,  
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,  
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind ;  
Their sphere is small ; their mischief is confin'd :  
But daring men there are (Awake, my Muse,  
And raise thy verse !) who bolder phrenzy choose ;  
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away :  
The *world* their field, and *human kind* their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,  
With Rage and Terrour stalking by his side,  
Raves round the globe ; he soars into a god !  
Stand fast, Olympus ! and sustain his nod.  
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,  
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.  
What slaughter'd *hosts* ! what *cities* in a blaze !  
What wasted *countries* ! and what crimson *seas* !  
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise  
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays ?  
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,  
Or *famine*, or *volcano* ? They perform  
Their mighty deeds ; they, hero-like, can slay,  
And spread their ample deserts in a day.  
O great alliance ! O divine renown !  
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.  
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,  
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

*One* to destroy, is murder by the law ;  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;

To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,  
*War's glorious art*, and gives immortal *fame*.

When, after battle, I the field have seen [men ;  
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were  
 A *nation* crush'd, a *nation* of the *brave* !  
 A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !  
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,  
 This *human chaos*, carry smiles away ?  
 How did my heart with indignation rise ?  
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes !  
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade  
 Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made !

How guilty these ! Yet not less guilty they,  
 Who reach false glory by a smoother way ;  
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,  
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;  
 Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art* ;  
 Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart* ;  
 All real kindness for the show discard,  
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard ;  
 Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,  
 " With open arms their enemies embrace ;"  
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine ;  
 " The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :"  
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,  
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.  
 Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,  
 Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse ! the *catalogue* is writ ;  
 Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,  
 Though disappointed thousands justly blame .  
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :

Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,  
May furnish laughter for another year.  
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd  
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,  
With patience wait; and be content to reign  
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell  
How *science* dwindleth, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the *Sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,  
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;  
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Versus is less qualified to steal  
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,  
That clients are redress'd till they 're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport;  
And e'en denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,  
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,  
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,  
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay  
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:  
That duty done, I hasten to complete  
My own design, for Tonson 's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,  
The Muse has sung: be now the cause display'd!  
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,  
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heaven's indulgence, came  
 This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,  
 To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,  
 Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.  
 By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,  
 Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found ;  
 Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest ;  
 And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast ;  
 It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine :  
 What more can prove its origin divine ?

But oh ! this passion planted in the soul,  
 On eagle's wings to mount her to the Pole,  
 The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,  
 Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,  
 Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source ;  
 Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,  
 Who thrives upon the carcases of wit ;  
 And in art-loving Scarborough is seen  
 How kind a patron Pollia *might* have been.  
 Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,  
 And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools* ;  
 Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,  
 And Newton lifts above a mortal height ;  
 That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears  
 Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,  
*Why*, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul ?  
 (For, though in all, not equally she reigns) .  
 Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors ! hear the doctrine I disclose,  
 As true, as if 't were writ in dullest prose ;

As if a letter'd dunce had said, “ ‘T is right,’  
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the *truly noble mind*,  
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd ;  
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,  
From *guilt* and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled :  
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,  
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;  
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid  
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* Ambition works alone ;  
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,  
That not more like in feature and in mien,  
The God and mortal in the comic scene. \*

False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,  
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in *basest minds* Ambition wears,  
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears :  
All I have sung are instances of *this*,  
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain* ! desist from your erroneous strife ;  
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.  
The *true* ambition there alone resides,  
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides ;  
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state ;  
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great ;  
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend ;  
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*. [in view  
Wouldst thou be *fam'd* ? Have those high deeds  
Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue]

\* *Amphitryon.*

Behold a prince ! whom no swoln thoughts inflame ;  
 No pride of thrones, no fever after *fame* :  
 But when the welfare of mankind inspires,  
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,  
 Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight ;  
 Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight ;  
*Tumult* and *noise* are dear, which with them bring  
 His people's blessings to their ardent king :  
 But, when those great heroic motives cease,  
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;  
 From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,  
 A sudden foe to splendour and applause ;  
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,  
 Till men and angels jointly shout his name.  
 O pride celestial ! which can pride disdain ;  
 O blest ambition ! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From one fain'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,  
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,  
 Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po ; there shine,  
 In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine ;  
 From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,  
 Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,  
 Which public blessings through half Europe pours.  
 When his heart burns with such a god-like aim,  
 Angels and George are rivals for the fame ;  
 George, who in foes can soft affections raise,  
 And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,  
 But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*. \*

\* The king in danger by sea.

E'en storms (Death's fiercest ministers !) forbear,  
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.  
Thus *Nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,  
Styles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick ! shook our  
state,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,  
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear  
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,  
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,  
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep* !  
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,  
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm !

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm !  
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm ;  
His eye ne'er clos'd ; long since inur'd to wake,  
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake :  
By thwarting passions tost, by cares opprest,  
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast :  
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,  
No powers of language — but his own, can tell ;  
His own, which *Nature* and the *Graces* form,  
At will, to raise, or hush the *civil* storm.

## MARK AKENSHIDE.

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MARK AKENSHIDE was born in 1721, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where his father was a substantial butcher. After receiving an education, first at a grammar-school, and then at a private academy at his native place, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, for the purpose of being fitted for a Dissenting minister. He soon, however, exchanged his studies for those of medicine; and, after continuing three years at Edinburgh, he removed to Leyden, where he took the degree of M. D. in 1744. In the same year his poem "On the Pleasures of the Imagination" made its appearance, which was received with great applause, and raised the author at once into poetical fame. It was soon followed by a warm invective against the celebrated Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in an "Epistle to Curio." In 1745 he published ten Odes on different subjects, and in various styles and manners. All these works characterized him as a zealous votary of Grecian philosophy and classical literature, and an ardent lover of liberty. He continued, from time to time, to publish his poetical effusions, most of which first appeared in Dodoley's collection. Of these, the most considerable is a "Hymn to the Naiads."

His professional career affords few incidents worth recording. He settled for a short time at Northampton; then removed to Hampstead; and finally fixed himself in London. While his practice was small, he was generously assisted by his friend, Mr. Jeremiah Dyson, who made him an allowance of 300*l.* per annum. He pursued the regular course to advancement, becoming Fellow of the Royal Society, Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, Doctor of Physic by mandamus at Cambridge, and Fellow of the London College of Physicians. He also published several occasional pieces on medical subjects, among which was a Treatise on the Epidemic Dysentery of 1764, written in elegant Latin. By these efforts his practice and reputation increased; so that, on the settlement of the Queen's household, he was appointed one of her Majesty's physicians—an honour for which he is supposed to have been indebted to Mr. Dyson. It is affirmed that Dr. Akenside assumed a haughtiness and ostentation of manner which was not calculated to ingratiate him with his brethren of the faculty, or to render him generally acceptable. He died of a putrid fever, in June, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Respecting his poem "On the Pleasures of the Imagination," of which Addison's papers in the Spectator are the ground-work, it would be an injury to deny him the claims of an original writer, which he merited by the expansion of the plan of this prose original, and by enriching its illustrations from the stores of philosophy and poetry. No poem of so

elevated and abstracted a kind was ever so popular. It went through several editions soon after its appearance, and is still read with enthusiasm by those who have acquired a relish for the conceptions of pure poetry, and the strains of numerous blank verse. The author was known to have been employed many years in correcting, or rather new-modelling, this work ; but the unfinished draught of this design seems to have rendered it probable that the piece would have lost as much in poetry as it would have gained in philosophy.

Of his other poems, the *Hymn to the Naiads* is the longest and best. With the purest spirit of classical literature, it contains much mythological ingenuity, and many poetical ideas, beautifully expressed. In his lyric productions, the copiousness and elevation of thought does not compensate for the total want of grace, ease, and appropriate harmony. The only sparks of animation which they exhibit occur when they touch on political topics ; and it is in these instances alone we have ventured to select them.

THE

## PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

Δεινούσιν ίετον ἀνθρώποις τὰς παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ χάρες  
ἀπιμάζειν.

Epict. apud Arrian. II. 13.

*Published in the Year 1744.*

## Book I.

*Argument.*

The subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects: colour; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame  
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts  
Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores  
Which beauteous imitation thence derives  
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ;  
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers  
Of musical delight ! and while I sing  
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.  
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,  
Indulgent Fancy ! from the fruitful banks  
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull  
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf  
Where Shakspeare lies, be present : and with thee  
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings  
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,  
Which, by the glances of her magic eye, [forms,  
She blends and shifts at will, through countless  
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,  
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,  
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony ! descend  
And join this festive train ? for with thee comes  
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,  
Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to come,  
Her sister Liberty will not be far.  
Be present all ye genii, who conduct  
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,  
New to your springs and shades : who touch his ear  
With finer sounds : who heighten to his eye  
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn  
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain  
The critic-verse employ'd ; yet still unsung  
Lay this prime subject, though importing most  
A poet's name : for fruitless is the attempt,  
By dull obedience and by creeping toil  
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent  
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath  
Must fire the chosen genius ; Nature's hand  
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings  
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar  
High as the summit ; there to breathe at large  
Ethereal air ; with bards and sages old,  
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,  
To this neglected labour court my song ;  
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task  
To paint the finest features of the mind,  
And to most subtle and mysterious things  
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love  
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,  
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,  
The fair poetic region, to detect  
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,  
And shade my temples with unfading flowers  
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,  
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. [scends

From Heaven my strains begin ; from Heaven de-  
The flame of genius to the human breast,  
And love and beauty, and poetic joy  
And inspiration. Ere the radiant Sun  
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night  
The Moon suspended her serener lamp ;  
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,

Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;  
Then liv'd th' almighty One : then, deep retir'd  
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,  
The forms eternal of created things ;  
The radiant Sun, the Moon's nocturnal lamp,  
The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe,  
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first  
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,  
His admiration : till in time complete,  
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile  
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath  
Of life informing each organic frame,  
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;  
Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;  
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,  
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye  
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims  
Of social life, to different labours urge  
The active powers of man ! with wise intent  
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil.  
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,  
The changeful Moon, the circuit of the stars,  
The golden zones of Heaven ; to some she gave  
To weigh the moment of eternal things,  
Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken chain,  
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand  
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore  
What healing virtue swells the tender vein  
Of herbs and flowers ; or what the beams of morn

Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind  
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes  
Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould  
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.  
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds  
The world's harmonious volume, there to read  
The transcript of himself. On every part  
They trace the bright impressions of his hand :  
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,  
The Moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form  
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd  
That uncreated beauty, which delights  
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,  
Enamour'd ; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memmon's image, long renown'd  
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch  
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string  
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air  
Unbidden strains ; even so did Nature's hand  
To certain species of external things,  
Attune the finer organs of the mind :  
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,  
Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,  
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,  
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,  
From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive  
They catch the spreading rays ; till now the soul  
At length discloses every tuneful spring,  
To that harmonious movement from without  
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain  
Diffuses its enchantment : Fancy dreams  
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,

And vales of bliss : the intellectual power  
 Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,  
 And smiles : the passions, gently sooth'd away,  
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy  
 Alone are waking ; love and joy serene  
 As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,  
 Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,  
 Whose candid bosom the refining love  
 Of Nature warms, O listen to my song ;  
 And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,  
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,  
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,  
 Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms  
 With love and admiration thus inflame  
 The powers of fancy, her delighted sons  
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;  
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,  
 The poet's tongue, confesses ; the sublime,  
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !  
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,  
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays  
 His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,  
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd  
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd  
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,  
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;  
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth  
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre, to run  
 The great career of justice ; to exalt

His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;  
 To chase each partial purpose from his breast :  
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,  
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,  
 To hold his course unfaultering, while the voice  
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent  
 Of Nature, calls him to his high reward, [burns  
 The applauding smile of Heaven ? Else wherefore  
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,  
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,  
 And mocks possession ? wherefore darts the mind,  
 With such resistless ardour to embrace  
 Majestic forms ; impatient to be free,  
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might ;  
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;  
 Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns  
 To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,  
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame ?  
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye  
 Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey  
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave  
 Through mountains, plains, through empires black  
 with shade  
 And continents of sand ; will turn his gaze  
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill  
 That murmurs at his feet ? The high-born soul  
 Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of Earth  
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
 Through fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;  
 Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens ;  
 Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,

Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars  
The blue profound, and hovering round the Sun  
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream  
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway  
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effus'd  
She darts her swiftness up the long career  
Of devious comets; through its burning signs  
Exulting measures the perennial wheel  
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,  
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,  
Invest the orient. Now amaz'd she views  
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,  
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;  
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light  
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,  
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.  
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd  
She meditates the eternal depth below;  
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up  
In that immense of being. There her hopes  
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth  
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,  
That not in humble nor in brief delight,  
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,  
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,  
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these  
Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,  
Till every bound at length should disappear,  
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers  
 Lie folded up in man ; how far beyond  
 The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth  
 Of Nature to perfection half divine,  
 Expand the blooming soul ? What pity then  
 Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to Earth  
 Her tender blossom ; choke the streams of life,  
 And blast her spring ! Far otherwise design'd  
 Almighty Wisdom ; Nature's happy cares  
 The obedient heart far otherwise incline.  
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown  
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power  
 To brisker measures : witness the neglect  
 Of all familiar prospects, though beheld  
 With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze  
 Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal  
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things,  
 For such the bounteous Providence of Heaven,  
 In every breast implanting this desire  
 Of objects new, and strange, to urge us on  
 With unremitting labour to pursue  
 Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,  
 In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words  
 To paint its power ? For this the daring youth  
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,  
 In foreign climes to rove : the pensive sage,  
 Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,  
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper ; and untir'd  
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step,  
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,  
 From morn to eve ; unmindful of her form,  
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole

The wishes of the youth, when every maid  
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night  
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,  
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,  
Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhymes,  
And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call  
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd  
The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls  
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt  
Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk  
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave  
The torch of Hell around the murderer's bed.  
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,  
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd  
With shivering sighs ; till eager for the event,  
Around the beldame all erect they hang,  
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,  
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse  
Her charms inspire : the freely-flowing verse  
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,  
Smooths her mellifluous stream. Thee, Beauty, thee,  
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray  
The mossy roofs adore : thou, better Sun !  
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart  
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight  
Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heaven !  
How shall I trace thy features ? where select  
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?  
Haste then, my song, through Nature's wide expanse,  
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,  
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,

Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,  
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly  
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,  
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see  
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,  
The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step  
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow  
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill  
As with the blushes of an evening sky ?  
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,  
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd  
shades,  
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood  
Reflects purpureal Tempé's pleasant scene ?  
Fair Tempé ! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,  
Of Nymphs and Fauns ; where in the golden age  
They play'd in secret on the shady brink  
With ancient Pan : while round their choral steps  
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand  
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial  
dews,  
And Spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store  
To thee nor Tempé shall refuse ; nor watch  
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits  
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,  
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess  
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs  
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form  
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn  
Thy graceful footsteps ; hither, gentle maid,  
Incline thy polish'd forehead : let thy eyes  
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn ;

And may the fanning breezes waft aside  
Thy radiant locks : disclosing, as it bends  
With airy softness from the marble neck,  
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,  
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,  
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend  
Their soft allurement. Then the pleasing force  
Of Nature, and her kind parental care  
Worthier I'd sing : then all the enamour'd youth,  
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre  
Should throng attentive, while I point on high  
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn  
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,  
Moves onward ; or as Venus, when she stood  
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,  
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,  
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,  
And each cerulean sister of the flood  
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,  
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band  
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze  
Of young desire with rival-steps pursue  
This charm of beauty ; if the pleasing toil  
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn  
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.  
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form  
Of Superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,  
To damp your tender hopes ; I do not mean  
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,  
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning Earth  
To fright you from your joys : my cheerful song  
With better omens calls you to the field,

Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,  
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,  
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health  
And active use are strangers? Is her charm  
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends  
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean  
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;  
To hide the shame of discord and disease,  
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart  
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares  
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm  
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,  
By this illustrious image, in each kind  
Still most illustrious where the object holds  
Its native powers most perfect, she by this  
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,  
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe  
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract  
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,  
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,  
And every charm of animated things,  
Are only pledges of a state sincere,  
The integrity and order of their frame,  
When all is well within, and every end  
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from Heaven,  
The lovely mistress of truth and good  
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,  
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,  
With like participation. Wherefore then,  
O sons of Earth! would ye dissolve the tie?  
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,  
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand

Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene  
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire  
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,  
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,  
To save your search from folly ! Wanting these,  
Lo ! Beauty withers in your void embrace,  
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy  
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam  
Of youthful hope, that shines upon your hearts,  
Be chill'd or clouded at this aweful task,  
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,  
And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms  
Of baleful Superstition guide the feet  
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way  
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;  
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn  
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom  
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;  
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,  
And to the screaming owl's accursed song  
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;  
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star  
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove  
Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,  
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath,  
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,  
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel  
Those monkish horrors : then in light divine  
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps  
Of those whom Nature charms, through blooming  
walks,  
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,

Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,  
Led by their winged Genius and the choir  
Of laurell'd Science, and harmonious Art,  
Proceed, exulting, to the eternal shrine,  
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,  
The undivided partners of her sway,  
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,  
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,  
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot-rage,  
O let us not a moment pause to join  
That godlike band. And if the gracious power  
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,  
Will to my invocation breathe anew  
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,  
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre  
Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,  
When Summer smiles, to warn the melting heart  
Of Luxury's allurement; whether firm  
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill  
To urge bold Virtue's unremitting nerve,  
And wake the strong divinity of soul  
That conquers Chance and Fate; or whether struck  
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils  
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow  
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;  
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,  
And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,  
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;  
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,  
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene  
In Beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,

Through various being's fair-proportioned scale,  
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,  
From their first twilight, shining forth at length  
To full meridian splendour. Of degree  
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth  
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,  
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line  
And variation of determin'd shape,  
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound  
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent  
Unites this varied symmetry of parts  
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl  
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,  
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.  
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms  
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd  
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins  
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous Earth,  
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers  
Their purple honours with the spring resume;  
And thus the stately tree with autumn bends  
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still  
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent  
Of complicated members to the bloom  
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,  
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,  
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:  
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed  
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,  
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy  
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell  
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,

Where dawns the high expression of a mind :  
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search  
To that eternal origin, whose power,  
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,  
Like rays effulging from the parent Sun,  
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.  
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven !)  
The living fountains in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime : here, hand in hand,  
Sit paramount the Graces ; here enthron'd,  
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,  
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.  
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range  
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;  
And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene  
With half that kindling majesty dilate  
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
Amid the crowd of patriots ; and his arm  
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,  
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud  
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
And bade the father of his country hail ?  
For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,  
And Rome again is free ! Is aught so fair  
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,  
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair  
As virtuous Friendship ? as the candid blush  
Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?  
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes ?

Or the mild majesty of private life,  
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns  
The gate ; where Honour's liberal hands effuse  
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene ?  
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound  
Where Nature works in secret ; view the beds  
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault  
That bounds the hoary Ocean ; trace the forms  
Of atoms moving with incessant change  
Their elemental round ; behold the seeds  
Of being, and the energy of life  
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame :  
Then to the secrets of the working mind  
Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call  
Her fleet, ideal band ; and bid them, go !  
Break through Time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour  
That saw the heavens created : then declare  
If aught were found in those external scenes  
To move thy wonder now. For what are all  
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,  
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?  
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows  
The superficial impulse ; dull their charms,  
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.  
Not so the moral species, nor the powers  
Of genius and design ; the ambitious mind  
There sees herself : by these congenial forms  
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act  
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd  
Her features in the mirror. For of all  
The inhabitants of Earth, to man alone

Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye  
To Truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame  
The sacred laws of action and of will,  
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,  
And temperance from folly. But beyond  
This energy of Truth, whose dictates bind  
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,  
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,  
Has added bright Imagination's rays :  
Where Virtue, rising from the aweful depth  
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake  
The unadorn'd condition of her birth ;  
And, dress'd by Fancy in ten thousand hues,  
Assumes a various feature, to attract,  
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,  
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,  
The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires  
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade  
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse  
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme  
Of harmony and wonder : while among  
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form  
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,  
And through the rolls of memory appeals  
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,  
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword  
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach  
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece ! whose faithful steps  
Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths  
Of Nature and of Science ; nurse divine  
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires !

O ! let the breath of thy extended praise  
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height  
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts  
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm  
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,  
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts  
Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend  
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,  
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.  
Descend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ;  
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,  
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung  
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth  
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne ;  
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear  
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,  
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,  
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires  
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth  
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way  
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats  
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,  
Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,  
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream  
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store  
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd  
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn  
My native clime : while far above the flight  
Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock  
The springs of ancient Wisdom ! while I join  
Thy name, thrice honour'd ! with the immortal  
praise

Of Nature, while to my compatriot youth  
I point the high example of thy sons,  
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

## Book II.

*The Argument.*

The separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string  
Resume their honours? When shall we behold  
The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand,  
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,  
How slow, the dawn of Beauty and of Truth  
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night  
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd  
Beneath the furies of rapacious Force;  
Oft as the gloomy North, with iron-swarms  
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,  
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works  
Of Liberty and Wisdom down the gulf  
Of all-devouring Night. As long immur'd

In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,  
Each Muse and each fair Science pin'd away  
The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands  
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,  
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to Earth.  
At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,  
And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew,  
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers  
To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore  
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage  
Of dire Ambition and gigantic Power,  
From public aims and from the busy walk  
Of civil Commerce, drove the bolder train  
Of penetrating Science to the cells,  
Where studious Ease consumes the silent hour  
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.  
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts  
Of mimic Fancy and harmonious Joy,  
To priestly domination and the lust  
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil  
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,  
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue  
Was tun'd for slavish paens at the throne  
Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand  
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant  
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes  
To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks  
The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.  
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,  
When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length  
For endless years on Albion's happy shore  
In full proportion, once more shall extend

To all the kindred powers of social bliss  
A common mansion, a parental roof.  
There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,  
Their long-lost friends rejoicing, as of old,  
Embrace the smiling family of Arts,  
The Muses and the Graces. Then no more  
Shall Vice, distracting their delicious gifts  
To aims abhor'd, with high distaste and scorn  
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,  
The patriot-bosom ; then no more the paths  
Of public care or intellectual toil,  
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe  
In gloomy state be trod : the harmonious Muse,  
And her persuasive sisters, then shall plant  
Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent,  
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.  
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd  
To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,  
And teach the Muse her lore ; already strove  
Their long-divided honours to unite,  
While tempering this deep argument we sang  
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the same glad task  
Impends ; now urging our ambitious toil,  
We hasten to recount the various springs  
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin  
Their grateful influence to the prime effect  
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge  
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,  
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,  
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm ?  
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,  
Glows not her blush the fairer ? While we view

Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill  
 Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst  
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught  
 Of cool refreshment ; o'er the mossy brink  
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves  
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?

Nor this alone ; the various lot of life  
 Oft from external circumstance assumes  
 A moment's disposition to rejoice  
 In those delights which at a different hour  
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of Spring,  
 When rural songs and odours wake the Morn,  
 To every eye ; but how much more to his  
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd  
 Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,  
 When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales  
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed Sun  
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life  
 Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain !

Or shall I mention, where celestial Truth  
 Her awful light discloses, to bestow  
 A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame ?  
 For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth  
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye,  
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,  
 Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet  
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues  
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first  
 The hand of Science pointed out the path  
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west  
 Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil  
 Involves the orient ; and that trickling shower

Piercing through every crystalline convex  
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,  
Recoil at length where concave all behind  
The internal surface on each glassy orb  
Repels their forward passage into air ;  
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal  
From which their course began ; and, as they strike  
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,  
Assume a different lustre, through the brede  
Of colours changing from the splendid rose  
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,  
That springs to each fair object, while we trace  
Through all its fabric, Wisdom's artful aim  
Disposing every part, and gaining still  
By means proportion'd her benignant end ?  
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps  
The lamp of Science through the jealous maze  
Of Nature guides, when haply you reveal  
Her secret honours : whether in the sky,  
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers  
That wheel the pensile planets round the year ;  
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,  
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,  
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,  
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,  
The flame of passion through the struggling soul  
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze  
The object of its rapture, vast of size,  
With fiercer colours and a night of shade ?  
What ? like a storm from their capacious bed

The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might  
Of these eruptions, working from the depth  
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame  
Even to the base ; from every naked sense  
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all  
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil  
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times  
To hide the feeling heart ? Then Nature speaks  
Her genuine language, and the words of men,  
Big with the very motion of their souls,  
Declare with what accumulated force  
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on  
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more : her honours where nor beauty claims  
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,  
From Passion's power alone our nature holds  
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse  
Rouses the mind's whole fabric ; with supplies  
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers  
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew  
By that collision all the fine machine :  
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees  
Encumbering, choke at last what Heaven design'd  
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.  
—But say, does every passion thus to man  
Administer delight ? That name indeed  
Becomes the rosy breath of Love ; becomes  
The radiant smiles of Joy, the applauding hand  
Of Admiration : but the bitter shower  
That Sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,  
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal Fear,  
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart

Of panting Indignation, find we there  
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue  
The unalter'd will of Heaven with faithful awe  
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach  
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd  
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools  
Of Wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice,  
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws  
Which govern and support this mighty frame  
Of universal being. Oft the hours  
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,  
While mute attention hung upon his lips,  
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

“ 'T was in the windings of an ancient wood,  
When spotless youth with solitude resigns  
To sweet philosophy the studious day,  
What time pale Autumn shades the silent eve,  
Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,  
And much of mortal man, my thought revolv'd;  
When starting full on Fancy's gushing eye  
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,  
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!  
When blooming youth, nor gentlest Wisdom's arts,  
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,  
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears  
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;  
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell,  
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul  
As with the hand of Death. At once the shade  
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds  
With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark  
As midnight storms, the scene of human things

Appear'd before me ; deserts, burning sands,  
 Where the parch'd adder dies ; the frozen south,  
 And Desolation blasting all the west  
 With rapine and with murder : tyrant Power  
 Here sits enthron'd with blood ; the baleful charms  
 Of Superstition there infect the skies,  
 And turn the Sun to horrour. Gracious Heaven !  
 What is the life of man ? Or cannot these,  
 Not these portents thy aweful will suffice ?  
 That, propagated thus beyond their scope,  
 They rise to act their cruelties anew  
 In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed  
 The universal sensitive of pain,  
 The wretched heir of evils not its own !

“ Thus I impatient ; when, at once effus'd,  
 A flashing torrent of celestial day [scent  
 Burst through the shadowy void. With slow de-  
 A purple cloud came floating through the sky,  
 And pois'd at length within the circling trees,  
 Hung obvious to my view ; till opening wide  
 Its lucid orb, a more than human form  
 Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,  
 And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.  
 Then melted into air the liquid cloud,  
 Then all the shining vision stood reveal'd.  
 A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,  
 And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,  
 Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist  
 Collected with a radiant zone of gold  
 Ethereal : there in mystic signs engrav'd,  
 I read his office high, and sacred name,  
 Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd

The godlike presence ; for athwart his brow  
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,  
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words  
Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

“ ‘ Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal  
birth !

And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span  
Capacious of this universal frame ?

Thy wisdom all-sufficient ? Thou, alas !  
Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord  
Of Nature and his works ? to lift thy voice  
Against the sovereign order he decreed,  
All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands  
Of tenderness innate, and social love,  
Holiest of things ! by which the general orb  
Of being, as by adamantine links,  
Was drawn to perfect union, and sustain'd  
From everlasting ? Hast thou felt the pangs  
Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal  
So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish  
The ties of Nature broken from thy frame ;  
That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart  
Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then  
The wretched heir of evils not its own ?  
O fair benevolence of generous minds !  
O man by Nature form'd for all mankind !’

“ He spoke ; abash'd and silent I remain'd,  
As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd  
Before his presence, though my secret soul  
Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground  
I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch  
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand

My dazzling forehead, ' Raise thy sight,' he cry'd,  
' And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.'

" I look'd, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd ;  
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,  
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,  
Rush'd on my senses. 'T was an horrid pile  
Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mix'd,  
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.  
Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,  
The brown woods wav'd ; while ever-trickling  
springs

Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine  
The crumbling soil ; and still at every fall  
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,  
Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods  
With hoarser inundation ; till at last  
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts  
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,  
And drank the gushing moisture, where, confin'd  
In one smooth current, o'er the lili'd vale  
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils,  
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,  
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound  
As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd  
That flowery level. On the river's brink  
I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd  
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade  
Of osiers. Now the western Sun reveal'd  
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,  
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,  
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light  
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers

Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,  
And wondering expectation. Then the voice  
Of that celestial power, the mystic show  
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

“ ‘ Inhabitants of Earth, to whom is given  
The gracious ways of Providence to learn,  
Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear —  
Know then, the sovereign spirit of the world,  
Though, self-collected from eternal time,  
Within his own deep essence he beheld  
The bounds of true felicity complete;  
Yet by immense benignity inclin'd  
To spread around him that primeval joy  
Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,  
And sounded through the hollow depth of space  
The strong, creative mandate. Straight arose  
These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life  
Effusive kindled by his breath divine  
Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd  
From him its portion of the vital flame,  
In measure such, that, from the wide complex  
Of co-existent orders, one might rise,  
One order, all-involving and entire.  
He too beholding in the sacred light  
Of his essential reason, all the shapes  
Of swift contingence, all successive ties  
Of action propagated through the sum  
Of possible existence, he at once,  
Down the long series of eventful time,  
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,  
To every living soul of every kind  
The field of motion and the hour of rest,

That all conspir'd to his supreme design,  
To universal good: with full accord  
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,  
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds,  
That lay from everlasting in the store  
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,  
By one exertion of creative power  
His goodness to reveal; through every age,  
Through every moment up the tract of time,  
His parent-hand, with ever-new increase  
Of happiness and virtue, has adorn'd  
The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,  
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,  
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,  
For ever leads the generations on  
To higher scenes of being; while supply'd  
From day to day with his enlivening breath,  
Inferior orders in succession rise  
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,  
As bodies to their proper centre move,  
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting Moon  
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream  
Devolves its winding waters to the main;  
So all things which have life aspire to God,  
The Sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,  
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice  
Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps  
Aright; nor is the care of Heaven withheld  
From granting to the task proportion'd aid;  
That in their stations all may persevere  
To climb the ascent of being, and approach  
For ever nearer to the life divine.

“ ‘ That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn  
Fresh-water’d from the mountains. Let the scene  
Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat  
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain’d  
His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus’d  
Along the shady brink ; in this recess  
To wear the appointed season of his youth,  
Till ripen hours should open to his toil  
The high communion of superior minds,  
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.  
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget  
His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld  
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.  
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,  
He sent whom most he lov’d, the sovereign fair,  
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac’d  
Before his eyes for ever to behold ;  
The goddess from whose inspiration flows  
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;  
Without whose work divine, in Heaven or Earth,  
Nought lovely, nought propitious, comes to pass,  
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the Sire  
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,  
The folded powers to open, to direct  
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,  
And from the laws of this majestic world  
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph  
Her daily care attended, by her side  
With constant steps her gay companions stay’d,  
The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen  
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights  
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men

And powers immortal. See the shining pair !  
Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd  
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

“ I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood,  
Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth,  
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower  
Of beauty ; sweetest innocence illum'd  
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow  
Sate young Simplicity. With fond regard  
He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd ;  
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,  
With mild regret invoking her return.  
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd  
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth  
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd ;  
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes  
Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn  
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.  
The spring of Heaven had shed its blushing spoils  
To bind her sable tresses : full diffus'd  
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze ;  
And in her hand she wav'd a living branch  
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm  
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes  
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime  
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age  
Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,  
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,  
From each majestic motion darted awe,  
Devoted awe ! till, cherish'd by her looks  
Benevolent and meet, confiding love  
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.

Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword  
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown  
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp  
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,  
White as the sunshine streams through vernal  
clouds,

Her stately form invested. Hand in hand  
The immortal pair forsook the enamell'd green,  
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light  
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were  
heard,

And through the fragrant air ethereal dews  
Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds,  
Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew  
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse  
Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,  
Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan  
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes  
Indur'd not. Bending down to Earth I stood,  
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,  
As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,  
With sacred invocation thus began.

“ ‘ Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm  
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,  
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd  
I seek to finish thy divine decree.  
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat  
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds  
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve  
The latent honours of his generous frame;  
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot  
From Earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,

The temple of thy glory. But not me,  
 Not my directing voice, he oft requires,  
 Or hears delighted : this enchanting maid,  
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone  
 He loves, O Father ! absent, her he craves ;  
 And but for her glad presence ever join'd,  
 Rejoices not in mine : that all my hopes  
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,  
 I deem uncertain : and my daily cares  
 Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee  
 Still further aided in the work divine.'

" She ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd.  
 ' O thou ! in whom for ever I delight,  
 Fairer than all the inhabitants of Heaven,  
 Best image of thy author ! far from thee  
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame ;  
 Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,  
 And no resistance find. If man refuse  
 To hearken to thy dictates ; or, allur'd  
 By meaner joys, to any other power  
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;  
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,  
 That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.  
 Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil :  
 Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend  
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold !  
 With thee the son of Nemesis I send ;  
 The fiend abhorr'd ! whose vengeance takes account  
 Of sacred Order's violated laws.  
 See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,  
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath  
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,

Control his cruel phrenzy, and protect  
Thy tender charge ; that when Despair shall grasp  
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,  
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand  
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill  
To save his feeble spirit ; then confess  
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !  
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will  
Of this avenging demon, all the storms  
Of night infernal, serve but to display  
The energy of thy superior charms  
With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,  
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.'

" Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt  
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve  
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire  
Sheltering my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd  
A vast gigantic spectre striding on  
Through murmuring thunders and a waste of clouds,  
With dreadful action. Black as night, his brow  
Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs  
With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,  
As through convulsive anguish ; and his hand,  
Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd  
In madness to his bosom ; while his eyes  
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook  
The void with horrour. Silent by his side  
The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd  
Her features. From the glooms which hung around  
No stain of darkness mingled with the beam  
Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop  
Upon the river-bank ; and now to hail,

His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd  
The unsuspecting inmate of the shade. .

“ As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long  
Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn  
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke  
Of some lone village, a neglected kid  
That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;  
Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,  
And thinks he tears him : so with tenfold rage,  
The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.  
Amaz'd the stripling stood : with panting breast  
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail  
Of helpless consternation, struck at once,  
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld  
His terrour, and with looks of tenderest care  
Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt  
Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm  
Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage  
Had aim'd the deadly blow : then dumb retir'd  
With sullen rancour. Lo ! the sovran maid  
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,  
Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ; [tongue.  
Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her

“ ‘ O wake thee, rouse thy spirit ! Shall the spite  
Of yon tormentor thus appal thy heart,  
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand  
To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul  
Remember, what the will of Heaven ordains  
Is ever good for all ; and if for all,  
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth  
And soothing sunshine of delightful things  
Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled

By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views  
Of reason wander through a fatal road,  
Far from their native aim ; as if to lie  
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait  
The soft access of ever-circling joys,  
Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,  
This pleasing error did it never lull  
Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd  
The silken fetters of delicious ease ?  
Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd  
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires  
Hang far below the measure of thy fate,  
Which I reveal'd before thee ? and thy eyes,  
Impatient of my counsels, turn away  
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles ?  
Know then, for this the everlasting Sire  
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,  
O wise and still benevolent ! ordains  
This horrid visage hither to pursue  
My steps ; that so thy nature may discern  
Its real good, and what alone can save  
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill  
From folly and despair. O yet belov'd !  
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm  
Thy scatter'd powers ; nor fatal deem the rage  
Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,  
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,  
Above the generous question of thy arm.  
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,  
This hour he triumphs ; but confront his might,  
And dare him to the combat, then with ease  
Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns

To bondage and to scorn : while thus inur'd  
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,  
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,  
 Amid the outrage of external things,  
 Firm as the solid base of this great world,  
 Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds !  
 Ye waves ! ye thunders ! roll your tempest on ;  
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky !  
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire  
 Be loosen'd from their seats ; yet still serene,  
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck ;  
 And ever stronger as the storms advance,  
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,  
 Where Nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

“ So spake the goddess ; while through all her  
 frame

Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,  
 In every motion kindling warmth divine  
 To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift,  
 As lightning fires the aromatic shade  
 In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt  
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,  
 And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd :

“ ‘ Then let the trial come ! and witness thou,  
 If terrour be upon me ; if I shrink  
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength  
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think  
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,  
 As late thy eyes beheld ; for thou hast chang'd  
 My nature ; thy commanding voice has wak'd  
 My languid powers to bear me boldly on,  
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains

Through toil or peril: only do not thou  
Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,  
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,  
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet.  
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?  
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once  
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in Heaven!  
O thou eternal arbiter of things!  
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,  
To question thy appointment? Let the frowns  
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast  
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp  
With double night my dwelling; I will learn  
To hail them both, and unrepining bear  
His hateful presence; but permit my tongue  
One glad request, and if my deeds may find  
Thy aweful eye propitious, O restore  
The rosy-featur'd maid, again to cheer  
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.'

" He spoke; when instant through the sable  
glooms

With which that furious presence had involv'd  
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came  
Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds  
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene  
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step  
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,  
And to her wondering audience thus began.

" ' Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,  
And be the meeting fortunate! I come  
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more.—  
Hark! how the gentle Echo from her cell

Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream

Repeats the accents — we shall part no more.  
 O my delightful friends ! well pleas'd on high  
 The Father has beheld you, while the might  
 Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd  
 Your equal doings ; then for ever spake  
 The high decree : That thou, celestial maid !  
 Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps  
 May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more  
 Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,  
 Alone endure the rancour of his arm,  
 Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.'

" She ended ; and the whole romantic scene  
 Immediate vanish'd ; rocks, and woods, and rills,  
 The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,  
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,  
 When sunshine fills the bed. Awhile I stood  
 Perplex'd and giddy ; till the radiant power  
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,  
 As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks  
 Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

" ' There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint  
 How blind ! how impious ! There behold the ways  
 Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,  
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise :  
 That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued  
 By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,  
 Should never be divided from her chaste,  
 Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge  
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round  
 Of this existence, that thy softening soul

At length may learn what energy the hand  
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide  
Of passion, swelling with distress and pain  
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
Of cordial pleasure ? Ask the faithful youth  
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd  
So often fills his arms ; so often draws  
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,  
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?  
Oh ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise  
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes  
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture. — Ask the crowd  
Which flies impatient from the village-walk  
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below  
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast  
Some helpless bark ; while sacred Pity melts  
The general eye, or Terrour's icy hand  
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair ;  
While every mother closer to her breast  
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves  
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,  
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms  
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,  
As now another, dash'd against the rock,  
Drops lifeless down : O ! deemest thou indeed  
No kind endearment here by Nature given  
To mutual terrour and Compassion's tears ?  
No sweetly melting softness which attracts,  
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers

To this their proper action and their end ?  
— Ask thy own heart ; when at the midnight hour,  
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,  
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around  
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs  
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame  
For Grecian heroes, where the present power  
Of Heaven and Earth surveys the immortal page,  
Even as a father blessing, while he reads  
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,  
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,  
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame ;  
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,  
When rooted from the base, heroic states  
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown  
Of curst Ambition : when the pious band  
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,  
Lie side by side in gore ; when ruffian Pride  
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp  
Of public power, the majesty of rule,  
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,  
To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn  
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
Of such as bow the knee ; when honour'd urns  
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust  
And storied arch, to glut the coward-age  
Of regal Envy, strew the public way  
With hallow'd ruins ; when the Muse's haunt,  
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk  
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,  
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
Or female superstition's midnight prayer ;

When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time  
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow  
To sweep the works of glory from their base ;  
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street  
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,  
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,  
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds  
That clasp the mouldering column ; thus defac'd,  
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills  
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear  
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove  
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,  
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ;  
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange  
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd  
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,  
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
And says within himself — I am a king.  
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
Intrude upon mine ear ? — the baleful dregs  
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world !  
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame  
The native honours of the human soul,  
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.' "

## BOOK III.

*Argument.*

Pleasure in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connection of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the endearing ties  
Of passion link the universal kind  
Of man so close, what wonder if to search  
This common nature through the various change  
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame  
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind  
With unresisted charms ? The spacious west,  
And all the teeming regions of the south,  
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight  
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,  
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles  
Of Love invite ; nor only where the applause

Of cordial Honour turns the attentive eye  
On Virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course  
Of things external acts in different ways  
On human apprehensions, as the hand  
Of Nature temper'd to a different frame  
Peculiar minds ; so haply where the powers  
Of Fancy neither lessen nor enlarge  
The images of things, but paint, in all.  
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore  
In nature ; there Opinion will be true,  
And Action right. For Action treads the path  
In which Opinion says he follows good,  
Or flies from evil ; and Opinion gives  
Report of good or evil, as the scene  
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd :  
Thus her report can never there be true  
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,  
With glaring colours and distorted lines.  
Is there a man, who at the sound of Death  
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,  
And black before him ; nought but death-bed groans  
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink  
Of light and being, down the gloomy air  
An unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind,  
If no bright forms of excellence attend  
The image of his country ; nor the pomp  
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice  
Of Justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes  
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;  
Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,  
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill  
Than to betray his country ? And in act

Will he not choose to be a wretch and live ?  
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup  
Which Fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst  
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,  
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eve  
Of Reason, till no longer he discerns,  
And only guides to err. Then revel forth  
A furious band that spurns him from the throne !  
And all is uproar. Thus Ambition grasps  
The empire of the soul : thus pale Revenge  
Unsheathes her murderous dagger ; and the hands  
Of Lust and Rapine, with unholy arts,  
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws  
That keeps them from their prey : thus all the  
plagues

The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene  
The tragic Muse discloses, under shapes  
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,  
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all  
Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain  
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven  
To guilty deeds ; nor Reason bound in chains,  
That Vice alone may lord it : oft adorn'd  
With solemn pageants, Folly mounts the throne,  
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.  
A thousand garbs she wears ; a thousand ways  
She wheels her giddy empire. — Lo ! thus far  
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre  
I sing of Nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd  
A stricter note : now haply must my song  
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal  
In lighter strains, how Folly's awkward arts

Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke ;  
The sportive province of the comic Muse.

See ! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance :  
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent  
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,  
Unask'd, his motley features. Wait a while,  
My curious friends ! and let us first arrange,  
In proper order, your promiscuous throng.

Behold the foremost band ; of slender thought,  
And easy faith ; whom flattering Fancy soothes  
With lying spectres, in themselves to view  
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,  
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts  
They spread their spurious treasures to the Sun,  
And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance  
Of wishful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes,  
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.  
In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,  
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades  
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then set up  
For adoration. Some in Learning's garb,  
With formal band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,  
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate  
With martial splendour, steely pikes and swords  
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes  
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port  
Of stately Valour : listening by his side  
There stands a female form ; to her, with looks  
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,  
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,  
And sulphurous mines, and ambush : then at once  
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,

And asks some wondering question of her fears.  
 Others of graver mien ; behold, adorn'd  
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,  
 And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes  
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng ;  
 Ambassadors of Heaven ! Nor much unlike  
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist  
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood  
 Of politic conceits ; of whispers, nods,  
 And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,  
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,  
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,  
 Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order, all who seek  
 The debt of praise, where watchful Unbelief  
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye  
 On some retir'd appearance, which belies  
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause  
 That Justice else would pay. Here side by side  
 I see two leaders of the solemn train  
 Approaching : one a female old and grey,  
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,  
 Pale as the cheeks of Death ; yet still she stuns  
 The sickening audience with a nauseous tale ;  
 How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,  
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !  
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;  
 Such is her terrour at the risks of love,  
 And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems  
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,  
 And sordid all his habit ; peevish Want  
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng

He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase  
The vanity of riches, the contempt  
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,  
Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace  
Of her who blushes at the fond regard  
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold  
The praise of spotless honour : let the man  
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp  
And ample store, but as indulgent streams  
To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits  
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix  
The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds ; deluded long  
By Fancy's dazzling optics, these behold  
The images of some peculiar things  
With brighter hues resplendent, and pourtray'd  
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd  
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart  
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;  
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of Scorn,  
Untimely Zeal her witless pride betrays !  
And serious manhood from the towering aim  
Of Wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast  
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,  
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells !  
Not with intenser view the Samian sage  
Bent his fixt eye on Heaven's intenser fires,  
When first the order of that radiant scene  
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys  
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.  
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,  
Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,

With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,  
To win her coy regard : adieu, for him,  
The dull engagements of the bustling world !  
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise !  
And hope, and action ! for with her alone,  
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,  
Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give !  
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,  
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld  
Bewilder'd unawares : alas ! too long  
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils  
Of sly Derision ! till on every side  
Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth  
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves  
Of Folly. Thy once formidable name  
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard  
In scoffs and mockery, bandied from the lips  
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,  
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.

But now, ye gay ! to whom indulgent Fate,  
Of all the Muse's empire, hath assign'd  
The fields of folly, hither each advance  
Your sickles ; here the teeming soil affords  
Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears ;  
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,  
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares  
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band !  
Who, scorning Reason's tame, pedantic rules,  
And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant  
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal  
Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long usurp'd,  
And yield Deformity the fond applause

Which Beauty wont to claim ; forgive my song,  
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,  
It shuns the unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile  
Of bland Imagination, Folly's train  
Have dar'd our search : but now a dastard kind  
Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet  
Shrink from the gazer's eye ; enfeebled hearts  
Whom Fancy chills with visionary fears,  
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits  
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,  
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave  
Who droops abash'd when sullen Pomp surveys  
His humbler habit ; here the trembling wretch  
Unnerv'd and struck with Terrour's icy bolts,  
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,  
At every dream of danger : here subdued  
By frontless Laughter and the hardy scorn  
Of old, unfeeling Vice, the abject soul,  
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise  
Of Temperance and Honour ; half disowns  
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride ;  
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth  
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motley bands on whom the power  
Of gay Derision bends her hostile aim,  
Is that where shameful Ignorance presides.  
Beneath her sordid banners, lo ! they march,  
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands  
Attempt, Confusion straight appears behind,  
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,  
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,

O'erturning every purpose ; then at last  
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene  
For Scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode  
Of Folly in the mind ; and such the shapes  
In which she governs her obsequious train.

Through every scene of ridicule in things  
To lead the tenour of my devious lay ;  
Through every swift occasion, which the hand  
Of Laughter points at, when the mirthful sting  
Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue ;  
What were it but to count each crystal drop  
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms  
Of May distil ? Suffice it to have said,  
Where'er the power of Ridicule displays  
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,  
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,  
Strikes on the quick observer : whether Pomp,  
Or Praise, or Beauty, mix their partial claim  
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,  
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell ;  
Or whether these with violation loath'd,  
Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,  
The charms of Beauty, or the boast of Praise.

Ask we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire  
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,  
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust  
Educing pleasure ? Wherefore, but to aid  
The tardy steps of Reason, and at once  
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress  
The giddy aims of Folly ? Though the light  
Of Truth slow dawning on the enquiring mind,  
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,

How these uncouth disorders end at last  
In public evil ! yet benignant Heaven,  
Conscious how dim the dawn of Truth appears  
To thousands ; conscious what a scanty pause  
From labours and from care, the wider lot  
Of humble life affords for studious thought  
To scan the maze of Nature ; therefore stamp'd  
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,  
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,  
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind —  
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts  
Attain that secret harmony which blends  
The ethereal spirit with its mold of clay ;  
O ! teach me to reveal the graceful charm  
That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man  
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,  
The inexpressive semblance of himself,  
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods  
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow ;  
With what religious awe the solemn scene  
Commands your steps ! as if the reverend form  
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake  
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade  
Move to your pausing eye ! Behold the expanse  
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds  
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze :  
Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful Sun ;  
Now streams of splendour, through their opening veil  
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn  
The aërial shadows ; on the curling brook,  
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves

With quickest lustre glancing ; while you view  
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast  
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth  
With clouds and sunshine chequer'd, while the round  
Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue  
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,  
Moves all obsequious ? Whence is this effect,  
This kindred power of such discordant things ?  
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone  
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers  
At first were strung ? Or rather from the links  
Which artful custom twines around her frame ?

For when the different images of things,  
By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul  
With deeper impulse, or, connected long,  
Have drawn her frequent eye ; howe'er distinct  
The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain  
From that conjunction an eternal tie,  
And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind  
Recall one partner of the various league,  
Immediate, lo ! the firm confederates rise,  
And each his former station straight resumes :  
One movement governs the consenting throng,  
And all at once with rosy pleasures shine,  
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.  
'T was thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfold,  
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch  
Of the same parent-stone, together drew  
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd  
With fatal impulse quivering to the Pole :  
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main  
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars

Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd  
The former friendship, and remember'd still  
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line  
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew  
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed  
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.  
Such is the secret union, when we feel  
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore  
Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd  
The attention: backward through her many walks  
Guiding the wanton Fancy to her scope,  
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band  
Of painted forms, of passions and designs  
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,  
The prospect from that sweet accession gains  
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power  
Of Memory her ideal train preserves  
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,  
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste  
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all  
The various forms of being to present,  
Before the curious aim of mimic Art,  
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms  
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee  
May taste at will, from their selected spoils  
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse  
Of living lakes in summer's noon tide calm,  
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens,  
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold  
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,  
Than he, whose birth the sister powers of Art

Propitious view'd, and from his genial star  
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ;  
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve  
The seal of Nature. There alone unchang'd,  
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May  
There breathe perennial sweets : the trembling chord  
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,  
Melodious : and the virgin's radiant eye,  
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,  
Shines with un'bating lustre. Thus at length  
Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,  
The child of Fancy oft in silence bends  
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,  
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves  
To frame he knows not what excelling things ;  
And win he knows not what sublime reward  
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind  
Feels her young nerves dilate : the plastic powers  
Labour for action : blind emotions heave  
His bosom, and with loveliest frenzy caught,  
From Earth to Heaven he rolls his daring eye,  
From Heaven to Earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,  
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,  
Flit swift before him. From the womb of Earth,  
From Ocean's bed they come ; the eternal Heavens  
Disclose their splendours, and the dark Abyss  
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze  
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares  
Their different forms ; now blends them, now di-  
vides,  
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns ;  
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,

And infinitely varies. Hither now,  
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,  
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan  
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;  
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds  
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd  
Each to its place, till rosy Earth unveil'd  
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful Sun  
Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees  
Thus disentangled, his entire design  
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join ;  
And lines converge : the fainter parts retire ;  
The fairer eminent in light advance ;  
And every image on its neighbour smiles.  
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy  
Contemplates. Then with Prométhean art,  
Into its proper vehicle he breathes  
The fair conception ; which, embodied thus,  
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears  
An object ascertain'd : while thus inform'd,  
The various organs of his mimic skill,  
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,  
The shadowy picture and impasion'd verse,  
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul  
By that expressive semblance, while in sight  
Of Nature's great original we scan  
The lively child of Art ; while line by line  
And feature after feature we refer  
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole  
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm  
Betwixt them wavering hangs : applauding love  
Doubts where to choose ; and mortal man aspires

To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud  
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice  
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming Sun,  
Collects his large effulgence ; straight the Heavens  
With equal flames present on either hand  
The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,  
Appall'd ; and on the brink of Ganges doubts  
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,  
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,  
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,  
Favour'd of Heaven ! while, plung'd in sordid cares,  
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :  
And harsh Austerity, from whose rebuke  
Young Love and smiling Wonder shrink away  
Abash'd, and chill of heart, with sager frowns  
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,  
Perhaps even now, some cold fastidious judge  
Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toil,  
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,  
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor ! say,  
Is Beauty then a dream, because the glooms  
Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,  
To let her shine upon thee ? So the man  
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of Heaven,  
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells  
Of the gay-colour'd radiance flushing bright  
O'er all creation. From the wise be far  
Such gross unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song  
Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,  
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,  
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,

The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound  
Result from airy motion ; and from shape  
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.  
By what fine ties hath God connected things  
When present in the mind, which in themselves  
Have no connection ? Sure the rising Sun  
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,  
With equal brightness and with equal warmth  
Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul  
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers  
Exulting in the splendour she beholds ;  
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp  
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,  
Soft murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath  
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain  
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear  
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue ;  
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy  
Steal through his veins, and fan the awaken'd heart,  
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.

But were not Nature still endow'd at large  
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd  
With such enchantment : wherefore then her form  
So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd  
With such ethereal sweetness ? whence her voice  
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress  
The impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of light  
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp  
Than fancy can describe ? Whence but from thee,  
O source divine of ever-flowing love,  
And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content  
With every food of life to nourish man,

By kind illusions of the wondering sense  
 'Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eve,  
 Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans  
 The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles  
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;  
 Beholds the azure canopy of Heaven,  
 And living lamps that over-arch his head  
 With more than regal splendour; bends his ears  
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;  
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,  
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,  
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds  
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time;  
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract  
 The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms  
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life  
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,  
 The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,  
 Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells  
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,  
 A visionary paradise disclos'd  
 Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,  
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,  
 Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers  
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense  
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross  
 In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;  
 But God alone when first his active hand

Imprints the secret bias of the soul.  
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,  
Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,  
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain  
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,  
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,  
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
The form of beauty smiling at his heart, [Heaven  
How lovely! how commanding! But though  
In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,  
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,  
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope  
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.  
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend  
His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
The olive or the laurel. Different minds  
Incline to different objects: one pursues  
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;  
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,  
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires  
The arch of Heaven, and thunders rock the ground,  
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,  
And Ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,  
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;

Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad  
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
The elemental war. But Waller longs,  
All on the margin of some flowery stream,  
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool  
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer  
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain  
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day :  
Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill  
Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ;  
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.  
Such and so various are the tastes of men. [songs  
    Oh ! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid  
    Of Luxury, the syren ! not the bribes  
    Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
    Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave  
    Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
    Of Nature fair Imagination culls  
    To charm the enliven'd soul ! What though not all  
    Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
    Of envied life ; though only few possess  
    Patrician treasures or imperial state ;  
    Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,  
    With richer treasures and an ampler state,  
    Endows at large whatever happy man  
    Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
    The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
    The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
    The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,  
    Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
    His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring

Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand  
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.  
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;  
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
And loves unfeet attract him. Not a breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,  
By this harmonious action on her powers,  
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft  
In outward things to meditate the charm  
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
To find a kindred order, to exert  
Within herself this elegance of love,  
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers  
Refine at length, and every passion wears  
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all  
These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd  
The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far  
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?  
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down

To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?  
 Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds  
 And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons : all declare  
 For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd  
 The powers of man : we feel within ourselves  
 His energy divine : he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,  
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself  
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,  
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;  
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

## ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF  
 HUNTINGDON.

## I.

THE wise and great of every clime,  
 Through all the spacious walks of Time,  
 Where'er the Muse her power display'd,  
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd.  
 For, taught of Heaven, the sacred Nine  
 Persuasive numbers, forms divine,  
 To mortal sense impart :  
 They best the soul with glory fire ;  
 They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire ;  
 And high o'er Fortune's rage enthrone the fixed  
 heart.

Nor less prevailing is their charm  
 The vengeful bosom to disarm ;  
 To melt the proud with human woe,  
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.  
 Can wealth a power like this afford ?  
 Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,  
 An equal empire claim ?  
 No, Hastings. Thou my words will own :  
 Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;  
 Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

The Muse's aweful art,  
 And the blest function of the poet's tongue,  
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert  
 From all that scorned Vice or slavish Fear hath  
 sung.  
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings  
 Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bower ;  
 Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings  
 By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,  
 Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.  
 A different strain,  
 And other themes,  
 From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams,  
 (Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear :  
 Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell  
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;  
 To hear the sweet instructress tell  
 (While men and heroes throng'd around)  
 How life its noblest use may find,  
 How well for freedom be resign'd ;  
 And how, by Glory, Virtue shall be crown'd.

## II.

Such was the Chian father's strain  
 To many a kind domestic train,  
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl  
 Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :  
 When, every hospitable rite  
 With equal bounty to requite,  
 He struck his magic strings ;  
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,  
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,  
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,  
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,  
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,  
 The Genius of his country stands.  
 To listening gods he makes him known,  
 That man divine, by whom were sown  
 The seeds of Grecian fame :  
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;  
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;  
 From whom Platean palms and Cyprian trophies  
 came.

O noblest, happiest age !  
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought ;  
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page  
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :  
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;  
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;  
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,  
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng :  
 But that thy song  
 Was proud to unfold  
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;  
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell  
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :  
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.  
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,  
 The Muse's law didst rightly know ;  
 That who would animate his lays,  
 And other minds to virtue raise,  
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

## III.

Are there, approv'd of later times,  
 Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's \* crimes ?  
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,  
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?  
 Alas ! not one polluted bard,  
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,  
 Or Tibur's hills reply'd,  
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;  
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,  
 With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful task  
 they hide.

\* Octavianus Cæsar.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,  
 Amid the domes of modern hands :  
 Amid the toys of idle state,  
 How simply, how severely great !  
 Then turn, and, while each western clime  
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,  
 So mark thou Milton's name ;  
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng  
 The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,  
 Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's  
 fame."

Yet hence barbaric Zeal  
 His memory with unholy rage pursues ;  
 While from these arduous cares of public weal  
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his  
 Muse.

O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind  
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;  
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,  
 The world's most perfect image to display,  
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,  
 Unmov'd or cold !

O fool ! to deem  
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,  
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know  
 Inspir'd by Nature, or by Fortune taught ;  
 That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,  
 With false ignoble science fraught,  
 Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band ;  
 That he their dear defence will shun,  
 Or hide their glories from the Sun,  
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

## IV.

I care not that in Arno's plain,  
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,  
From public themes the Muse's quire  
Content with polish'd ease retire.  
Where priests the studious head command,  
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand  
    To vile Ambition's aim,  
Say, what can public themes afford,  
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,  
Reserv'd for angry Heaven, and scorn'd of honest  
    Fame ?

But here, where Freedom's equal throne  
To all her valiant sons is known ;  
Where all are conscious of her cares,  
And each the power, that rules him, shares ;  
Here let the Bard, whose dastard tongue  
Leaves public arguments unsung,  
    Bid public praise farewell :  
Let him to fitter climes remove,  
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,  
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

O Hastings, not to all  
Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend :  
Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,  
That to one general weal their different powers  
    they bend,

Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine  
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;  
 Though with new honours the patrician's line  
 Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone  
 They win the suffrage of impartial Fame.

The poet's name  
 He best shall prove,  
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.  
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,  
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :  
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,  
 The grateful country of thy sires,  
 Thee to sublimer paths demand ;  
 Sublimer than thy sires could trace,  
 Or thy own Edward teach his race,  
 Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

## V.

From rich domains and subject farms,  
 They led the rustic youth to arms ;  
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd ;  
 While private Strife their banners rear'd.  
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,  
 Where Empire's wide-establish'd throne  
 No private master fills :  
 Where, long foretold, the people reigns :  
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;  
 And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth, wills.

Here be it thine to calm and guide  
 The swelling democratic tide ;

To watch the state's uncertain frame,  
 And baffle Faction's partial aim :  
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,  
 To quell that servile band, who kneel  
     To Freedom's banish'd foes ;  
 That monster, which is daily found  
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;  
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

'T is highest Heaven's command,  
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue ;  
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the  
     hand,  
 And Virtue's worthless foes be false to Glory too.  
 But look on Freedom. See, through every age,  
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !  
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,  
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !  
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains  
     Of happy swains,  
     Which now resound  
 Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures  
     bound,  
 Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail  
 The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,  
 And show to strangers passing down the vale,  
     Where Ca'ndish, Booth, and Osborne sate ;  
     When, bursting from their country's chain,  
     Even in the midst of deadly harms,  
     Of papal snares and lawless arms.  
 They plann'd for Freedom this her noblest reign.

## VI.

This reign, these laws, this public care,  
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,  
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,  
 Could Fear have silenc'd Freedom's claim.  
 But Fear in vain attempts to bind  
 Those lofty efforts of the mind  
     Which social Good inspires ;  
     Where men, for this, assault a throne,  
 Each adds the common welfare to his own ;  
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all ac-  
     quires.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd  
 Our fields in civil blood imbrued ?  
 When Fortune crown'd the barbarous host,  
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?  
 Did one of all that vaunting train,  
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,  
     Durst one in arms appear ?  
     Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?  
     Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?  
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to  
     cheer ?

Yet, Hastings, these are they  
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love ;  
 The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh,  
 What Glory should demand, or Liberty approve !

But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,  
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,  
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,  
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.  
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise

Oft nobly sways

Ingenuous youth :

But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,  
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone  
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.  
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,  
 Bids the historian and the bard  
 Dispose of honour and of scorn ;  
 Discern the patriot from the slave ;  
 And write the good, the wise, the brave  
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.

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### HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

1746.

*Argument.*

The nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of Nature ; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes ; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation ; as

contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce ; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise : which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive : in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale  
Walks forth from darkness ; and the god of day,  
With bright Astræa seated by his side,  
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,  
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,  
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath  
Trace with your fleeting steps ; who all night long  
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,  
Your lonely murmurs, tarry : and receive  
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,  
I leave the gates of Sleep ; nor shall my lyre  
Too far into the splendid hours of morn  
Engage your audience : my observant hand  
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam  
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts  
Ye then may timely steal ; to pace with care  
The humid sands ; to loosen from the soil  
The bubbling sources ; to direct the rills  
To meet in wider channels ; or beneath  
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon  
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?  
Wide is your praise and copious — First of things,  
First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,  
Were Love and Chaos. Love the sire of Fate;  
Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,  
Who many sons and many comely births  
Devour'd, relentless father: till the child  
Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,  
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd  
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,  
And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway  
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch  
Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race,  
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,  
Send tribute to their parent: and from them  
Are ye, O Naiads: Arethusa fair,  
And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,  
Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt  
With Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes  
Belov'd of Paon. Listen to my strain,  
Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old  
Aurora to divine Astræus bore,  
Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might  
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,  
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you  
They ask: Favonius and the mild South-west  
From you relief implore. Your sallying streams  
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.  
Again they fly, disporting; from the mead  
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,  
To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel

Contagious streams, which oft the parched Earth  
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,  
Along the river and the paved brook,  
Ascend the cheerful breezes : hail'd of bards  
Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre  
Solicit ; nor unwelcome to the youth  
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd  
O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand  
The reverend scene delineates, broken fane,  
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp  
Of ancient Time ; and haply, while he scans  
The ruins, with a silent tear revolves  
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid  
The rural powers confess ; and still prepare  
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands,  
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds  
The central heavens, the father of the grove  
Commands his Dryads over your abodes  
To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god  
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied  
Your genial dews to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,  
Pursues your steps, delighted ; and the path  
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts  
The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,  
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you  
Pomona seeks to dwell : and o'er the lawns,  
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames  
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours  
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,  
Her dower ; unmindful of the fragrant isles

Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,  
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock  
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,  
O Bromius, O Lensean) nor canst thou  
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,  
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,  
Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,  
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,  
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.  
For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire,  
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills  
Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,  
Delighted ; and your piety applauds ;  
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,  
For faithful are his daughters ; and with words  
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now  
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings  
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts  
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,  
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er Earth  
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill  
Stoops lightly-sailing ; oft intent your springs  
He views : and waving o'er some new-born stream  
His blest pacific wand, " And yet," he cries,  
" Yet," cries the son of Maia, " though recluse  
And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,  
Flows wealth and kind society to men.  
By you, my function and my honour'd name  
Do I possess ; while o'er the Boëtic vale,  
Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms  
By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct  
The English merchant : with the buxom fleece

Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe  
Sarmatian kings ; or to the household gods  
Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,  
Dispense the mineral treasure which of old  
Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land  
Was yet unconscious of those generous arts  
Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime  
Transplanted to a more indulgent Heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes : such the praise,  
O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits  
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power :  
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,  
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays  
With noble wealth, and his own seat on Earth,  
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might  
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns  
Not vainly to the hospitable arts  
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,  
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen  
Of arms to court your friendship ? You she owns  
The fair associates who extend her sway  
Wide o'er the mighty deep ; and grateful things  
Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore  
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks  
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads  
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough  
Cantabrian surge ; her auspices divine  
Imparting to the senate and the prince  
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,  
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings  
Was ever scorn'd by Pallas : and of old  
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow

Of Athens o'er *Egina*'s gloomy surge,  
To drive her clouds and storms ; o'erwhelming all  
The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms  
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,  
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks  
Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,  
To sweep the sons of Liberty from Earth.  
In vain : Minerva on the bounding prow  
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice  
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,  
And shook her burning aegis. Xerxes saw :  
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height  
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign  
Celestial ; felt unrighteous hope forsake  
His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;  
Who arm the hand of Liberty for war :  
And give to the renown'd Britannic name  
To awe contending monarchs : yet benign,  
Yet mild of nature ; to the works of peace  
More prone, and lenient of the many ills  
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid  
Hygeia well can witness ; she who saves  
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,  
The wretch devoted to the entangling snares  
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads  
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,  
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn  
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,  
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :  
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,  
And where the fervour of the sunny vale

May beat upon his brow, through devious paths  
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,  
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd  
His eager bosom, does the queen of health  
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board  
She guards, presiding ; and the frugal powers  
With joy sedate leads in : and while the brown  
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores ;  
While changing still, and comely in the change,  
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread  
The garden's banquet ; you to crown his feast,  
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair  
Hygeia calls : and from your shelving seats,  
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,  
To slake his veins : till soon a purer tide  
Flows down those loaded channels ; washeth off  
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds  
Of crude disease ; and through the abodes of life  
Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads : hail,  
Who give, to labour, health ; to stooping age,  
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your  
urns  
Will I invoke ; and, frequent in your praise,  
Abash the frantic Thrysus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts  
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine  
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares  
Belong ; the learned Pæon. Oft when all  
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain ;  
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm  
Rich with the genial influence of the Sun,  
(To rouse dark Fancy from her plaintive dreams,

To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win  
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast  
Which pinces with silent passion,) he in vain  
Hath prov'd ; to your deep mansions he descends,  
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,  
He entereth ; where empurpled veins of ore  
Gleam on the roof ; where through the rigid mine  
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god  
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl  
Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants ; wafts the seeds  
Metallic, and the elemental salts [soon  
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : and  
Flies pain ; flies inauspicious care : and soon  
The social haunt or unfrequented shade  
Hears Io, Io Pæan ; as of old,  
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,  
Oft as for helpless mortals I implore  
Your salutary springs, through every urn  
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first  
And finest breath, which from the genial strife  
Of mineral fermentation springs like light  
O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then  
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye  
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand  
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes  
Not unregarded of celestial powers,  
I frame their language ; and the Muses deign  
To guide the pious tenour of my lay.  
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)  
In early days did to my wondering sense  
Their secrets oft reveal : oft my rais'd ear

In slumber felt their music : oft at noon,  
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,  
In field or shady grove, they taught me words  
Of power, from death and envy to preserve  
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful  
mind,  
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,  
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats  
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell :  
Where you their chaste companions they admit  
Through all the hallow'd scene : where oft intent,  
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,  
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,  
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose  
To their consorted measure : till again,  
With emulation all the sounding choir,  
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,  
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,  
And sweep their lofty strings : those powerful strings  
That charm the mind of gods : that fill the courts  
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet  
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares :  
Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove ;  
And quench the formidable thunderbolt  
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,  
While now the solemn concert breathes around,  
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord  
Sleeps the stern eagle ; by the number'd notes,  
Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :  
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,  
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels  
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,

Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,  
Most welcome ease. The sire of gods and men,  
In that great moment of divine delight,  
Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er  
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth, and o'er  
The interminated ocean, he beholds  
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,  
And troubled at the sound. Ye Naiads, ye  
With ravish'd ears the melody attend  
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves  
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive  
To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove  
Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd  
Their own discordant raptures to advance  
With hostile emulation. Down they rush  
From Nysa's vine-empurpled cliff, the dames  
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,  
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd  
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild  
Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air  
The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch  
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe,  
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd  
With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods  
From every unpolluted ear avert  
Their orgies! If within the seats of men,  
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds  
The guardian key, if haply there be found  
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band  
And hearken to their accents; who aspires  
From such instructors to inform his breast  
With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore

Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts  
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,  
May sing in aptest numbers : he the fate  
Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,  
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,  
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,  
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,  
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,  
Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes  
Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse  
To your calm habitations, to the cave  
Corycian, or the Delphic mount, will guide  
His footsteps ; and with your unsullied streams  
His lips will bathe : whether the eternal lore  
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,  
To mortals he reveal ; or teach his lyre  
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,  
In those unfading islands of the bless'd,  
Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs ;  
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaic shell  
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs  
Be present ye with favourable feet,  
And all profaner audience far remove.

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## ODE

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN, LORD BISHOP  
OF WINCHESTER.

## I.

For toils which patriots have endur'd,  
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,  
In every nation Time displays  
The palm of honourable praise.  
Envy may rail ; and Faction fierce  
May strive ; but what, alas ! can those  
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)  
To gratitude and love oppose,  
To faithful story and persuasive verse !

O nurse of Freedom, Albion, say,  
Thou tamer of despotic sway,  
What man, among thy sons around,  
Thus heir to glory hast thou found ?  
What page in all thy annals bright,  
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd  
Than that where Truth, by Hoadly's aid,  
Shines through Imposture's solemn shade,  
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night ?

To him the Teacher bless'd,  
Who sent Religion, from the palmy field  
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,  
And lifted up the veil which Heaven from Earth  
conceal'd,  
To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd :

“ Go thou, and rescue my dishonour’d law  
 From hands rapacious, and from tongues impure:  
 Let not my peaceful name be made a lure  
 Fell Persecution’s mortal snares to aid :  
 Let not my words be impious chains to draw  
 The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,  
 To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid.”

## II.

No cold or unperforming hand  
 Was arm’d by Heaven with this command.  
 The world soon felt it : and, on high,  
 To William’s ear with welcome joy  
 Did Locke among the blest unfold  
 The rising hope of Hoadly’s name,  
 Godolphin then confirm’d the fame ;  
 And Somers, when from Earth he came,  
 And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

Then drew the lawgivers around,  
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown’d,)  
 And listening ask’d, and wondering knew,  
 What private force could thus subdue  
 The vulgar and the great combin’d ;  
 Could war with sacred Folly wage ;  
 Could a whole nation disengage  
 From the dread bonds of many an age,  
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

For not a conqueror’s sword,  
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,  
 Were his : but truth by faithful search explor’d,  
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.  
 Wherever it took root, the soul (restor’d

To freedom) freedom too for others sought,  
 Not monkish craft, the tyrant's claim divine,  
 Not regal zeal, the bigot's cruel shrine,  
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage ;  
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,  
 Nor synods by the papal genius taught,  
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

## III.

But where shall recompense be found ?  
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd ?  
 For look on life's laborious scene ;  
 What rugged spaces lie between  
 Adventurous Virtue's early toils  
 And her triumphal throne ! The shade  
 Of Death, meantime, does oft invade  
 Her progress ; nor, to us display'd,  
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

Yet born to conquer is her power :  
 — O Hoadly, if that favourite hour  
 On Earth arrive, with thankful awe  
 We own just Heaven's indulgent law.  
 And proudly thy success behold ;  
 We attend thy reverend length of days  
 With benediction and with praise,  
 And hail thee in our public ways  
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

While thus our vows prolong  
Thy steps on Earth, and when by us resign'd  
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng  
Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human kind,  
O ! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue .  
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name :  
O ! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,  
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,  
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile ;  
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim  
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,  
Which thou hast kept entire from force and factious  
guile.

## THOMAS GRAY.

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THOMAS GRAY, a distinguished poet, was the son of a money-scrivener in London, where he was born in 1716. He received his education at Eton-school, whence he was sent to the university of Cambridge, and entered as a pensioner at St. Peter's College. He left Cambridge in 1738, and occupied a set of chambers in the Inner Temple, for the purpose of studying the law. From this intention he was diverted by an invitation to accompany Mr. Horace Walpole, son of the celebrated statesman, with whom he had made a connection at Eton, in a tour through Europe. Some disagreement, of which Mr. Walpole generously took the blame, caused them to separate in Italy ; and Gray returned to England in September, 1741, two months before his father's death. Gray, who now depended chiefly upon his mother and aunt, left the law, and returned to his retirement at Cambridge. In the next year he had the misfortune to lose his dear friend West, also an Eton scholar, and son to the Chancellor of Ireland, which left a vacancy in his affections, that seems never to have been supplied.

From this time his residence was chiefly at Cambridge, to which he was probably attached by an insatiable love of books, which he was unable to gratify from his own stores. Some years passed in this favourite indulgence, in which his exquisite learning and poetic talents were only known to a few friends; and it was not till 1747, that his “Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College” made its appearance before the public. It was in 1751 that his celebrated “Elegy written in a Country Church-yard,” chiefly composed some years before, and even now sent into the world without the author’s name, made its way to the press. Few poems were ever so popular: it soon ran through eleven editions; was translated into Latin verse, and has ever since borne the marks of being one of the most favourite productions of the British Muse.

In the manners of Gray there was a degree of effeminacy and fastidiousness which exposed him to the character of a fribble; and a few riotous young men of fortune in his college thought proper to make him a subject for their boisterous tricks. He made remonstrances to the heads of the society upon this usage, which being treated, as he thought, without due attention, he removed in 1756 to Pembroke-hall. In the next year, the office of poet-laureat, vacant by the death of Cibber, was offered to Gray, but declined by him. In the same year he published two odes, “On the Progress of Poesy,” and “The Bard,” which were not so popular as his Elegy had been, chiefly, perhaps, because they were less understood. The uniform life passed by this

eminent person admits of few details, but the transaction respecting the professorship of modern history at Cambridge, a place worth four hundred pounds a year, is worthy of some notice. When the situation became vacant in Lord Bute's administration, it was modestly asked for by Gray, but had already been bespoken by another. On a second vacancy in 1768, the Duke of Grafton being now in power, it was, "unsolicited and unsuspected," conferred upon him; in return for which he wrote his "Ode for Music," for the installation of that nobleman as chancellor of the university. This professorship, though founded in 1724, had hitherto remained a perfect sinecure; but Gray prepared himself to execute the duties of his office. Such, however, were the baneful effects of habitual indolence, that, with a mind replete with ancient and modern knowledge, he found himself unable to proceed farther than to draw a plan for his inauguration speech. But his health was now declining; an irregular hereditary gout made more frequent attacks than formerly; and at length, while he was dining in the College-hall, he was seized with a complaint in the stomach, which carried him off on July 30. 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His remains were deposited, with those of his mother and aunt, in the church-yard of Stoke-Pogis, Buckinghamshire.

It is exclusively as a poet that we record the name of Gray; and it will, perhaps, be thought that we borrow too large a share from a single small volume; yet this should be considered as indicative of the high rank which he has attained, compared

with the number of his compositions. With respect to his character as a man of learning, since his acquisitions were entirely for his own use, and produced no fruits for the public, it has no claim to particular notice. For though he has been called by one of his admirers "perhaps the most learned man in Europe," never was learning more thrown away. A few pieces of Latin poetry are all that he has to produce.

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### HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

.....Ζῆνα  
Τὸν φροντὶν βροῦντες ὁδῶν  
σανία, τῷ πάθει μαθῶν  
Θίνεια κυρίως ἴχειν.

Æschylus, in Agamemnon.

**D**AUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,  
The bad affright, afflict the best !  
Bound in thy adamantine chain  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan  
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on Earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern rugged nurse ; thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore :  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;  
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,  
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !  
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,  
 (As by the impious thou art seen,)  
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horrour's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess ! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.  
 The generous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

---

## ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the Moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert-air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh, [deck'd,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
 To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,  
 Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;  
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next with dirges due in sad array [borne.  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.' ”

#### THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send :  
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;  
 He gain'd from Heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a  
 friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

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## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα ρυντοῖσιν οἱ  
 Δί τὸ μῶν οἴστην χαῖτει.  
 Pindar. Olym. ii.

## I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;  
 The laughing flowers that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebeallow to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,  
 And frantic passions, hear thy soft control :

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A A

On Thracia's hills the lord of war  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command :  
Perching on the scepter'd hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terroir of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet :  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare :  
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,  
With arts sublime, that float upon the air  
In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

## II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky :  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of  
 war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy  
 flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Maeander's amber waves  
 In lingering labyrinths creep,  
 How do you tuneful Echoes languish  
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish ?

Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around :  
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling \* laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her aweful face : the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 " This pencil take," she said, " whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year :  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;  
 Of Horrour that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he †, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :

\* Shakspeare.

† Milton.

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,  
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race \*,  
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah ! 't is heard no more —  
Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now ? though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air :  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the good how far — but far above the great.

\* Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

## ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
 And wake the purple year !  
 The attic warbler pours her throat,  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of Spring :  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader, browner shade ;  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade,  
 Beside some water's rushy brink  
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
 How low, how little are the proud,  
 How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :  
 The panting herds repose :  
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows !  
 The insect youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honied spring,  
 And float amid the liquid noon :  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gayly-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the Sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of man :  
 And they that creep, and they that fly,  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 But flutter through life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colours drest :  
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance ;  
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
 The sportive kind reply ;  
 " Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?  
 A solitary fly !  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display :  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown :  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —  
 We frolic while 't is May."

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### ODE FOR MUSIC.

PERFORMED IN THE SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,  
 JULY 1. 1769, AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS  
 GRACE AUGUSTUS-HENRY-FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON,  
 CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

" Henck, avaunt, ('t is holy ground,)  
 Comus and his midnight-crew,  
 And Ignorance with looks profound,  
 And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,

Mad Sedition's cry profane,  
 Servitude that hugs her chain,  
 Nor in these consecrated bowers  
 Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in flowers.  
 Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,  
 Dare the Muse's walk to stain,  
 While bright-ey'd Science watches round :  
 Hence, away, 't is holy ground !"

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :  
 There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,  
 The few, whom genius gave to shine  
 Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.  
 Rapt in celestial transport they,  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy  
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul  
 First the genuine ardour stole.  
 'T was Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves,  
 That Contemplation loves,  
 Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !  
 Oft at the blush of dawn  
 I trod your level lawn,  
 Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
 In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy."

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth  
 With solemn steps and slow,  
 High potentates and dames of royal birth,  
 And mitred fathers in long order go :  
 Great Edward \*, with the lilies on his brow,  
 From haughty Gallia torn,  
 And sad Chatillon †, on her bridal morn  
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare ‡,  
 And Anjou's § heroine, and the paler rose ||,  
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,  
 And either Henry ¶ there,

\* Edward the Third ; who added the fleur-de-lis of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France : of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

‡ Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare-Hall.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College.

|| Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

¶ Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,  
 That broke the bonds of Rome.  
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
 Their human passions now no more,  
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb),  
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;  
 And thus they speak in soft accord  
 The liquid language of the skies.

“ What is grandeur, what is power ?  
 Heavier toil, superior pain.  
 What the bright reward we gain ?  
 The grateful memory of the good.  
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
 The bee's collected treasure's sweet,  
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet  
 The still small voice of Gratitude.”

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud  
 The venerable Marg'ret \* see !  
 “ Welcome, my noble son,” she cries aloud,  
 “ To this, thy kindred train, and me :  
 Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace  
 A Tudor's † fire, a Beaufort's grace.

\* Countess of Richmond and Derby ; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor ; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,  
 The flower unheeded shall descry,  
 And bid it round Heaven's altars shed  
 The fragrance of its blushing head :  
 Shall raise from Earth the latent gem,  
 'To glitter on the diadem.

“ Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, she  
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;  
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd  
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :  
 She reveres herself and thee.  
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow  
 The laureat wreath, that Cecil \* wore, she brings,  
 And to thy just, thy gentle hand  
 Submits the fasces of her sway,  
 While spirits blest above and men below  
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.  
 Through the wild waves as they roar  
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien  
 Thy steady course of honour keep,  
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore  
 The star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
 And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

\* Lord-treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

## ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN  
A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'T was on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent  
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
 Nor knew the gulf between.  
 (Malignant Fate sate by, and smil'd,)  
 The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,  
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
 She mew'd to every wat'ry god,  
 Some speedy aid to send.  
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd ;  
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,  
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,  
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,  
 And be with caution bold.  
 Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes,  
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;  
 Not all that glisters, gold.

## ODE

## ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

"Ἄνθρωπος ἵκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχτῖνον.  
 Menander.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's \* holy shade ;

\* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college.

And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,  
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain,  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race  
 Disporting on thy margent green  
 The paths of pleasure trace,  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?  
 The captive linnet which enthral ?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent  
 Their murmuring labours ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty ;

Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry :  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing, when possest ;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast :  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play !  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day.  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train,  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !  
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind ;

Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;  
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen :  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every labouring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies.  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
 'T is folly to be wise.

---

## THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

## I.

“ RUIN seize thee, ruthless king !  
 Confusion on thy banners wait !  
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm, nor hauberk's \* twisted mail,  
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !”  
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.

\* The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Stout Glo'ster \* stood aghast in speechless trance :  
To arms ! cried Mortimer †, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood ;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,)  
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
“ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,  
Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath !  
O'er thee, oh king ! their hundred arms they wave,  
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

“ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main ;  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.  
On dreary Arvon's shore ‡ they lie,  
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :

\* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

‡ The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the Isle of Anglesea.

Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail :  
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.  
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —

No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,  
 I see them sit, they linger yet,  
 Avengers of their native land :  
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

## II.

“ ‘ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 The winding-sheet of Edward’s race :  
 Give ample room, and verge enough  
 The characters of Hell to trace.  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright’ [ring \*],  
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roofs that  
 Shrieks of an agonizing king ;  
 She-wolf of France †, with unrelenting fangs,  
 That tears the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs  
 The scourge of Heaven. ‡ What terrors round  
 him wait !

\* Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd ;  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

“ ‘ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
Low on his funeral couch he lies ! \*  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior † fled ?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born ;  
Gone to salute the rising Morn.  
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;  
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-  
prey.

“ ‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare :  
Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray ‡,

\* Death of that king, abandoned by his children,  
and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers  
and his mistress.

† Edward the Black Prince, dead some time  
before his father.

‡ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?  
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,  
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye towers of Julius \*, London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,  
Revere his consort's † faith, his father's ‡ fame,  
And spare the meek usurper's § holy head.  
Above, below, the rose || of snow,  
Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread :  
The bristled boar ¶ in infant gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

\* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

§ Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

|| The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

¶ The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

## III.

“ ‘ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate. \*  
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)’  
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unbless’d, unpitied, here to mourn :  
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height  
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !  
 No more our long-lost Arthur † we bewail. [hail !  
 All-hail, ye genuine kings ‡ ; Britannia’s issue,

“ Girt with many a baron bold  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,  
 In bearded majesty, appear.

\* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

† It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

‡ Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

In the midst a form divine !  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;  
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ;  
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin \*, hear :  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd  
 wings.

“ The verse adorn again  
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.  
 In buskin'd measures † move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horrour, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 A voice ‡, as of the cherub-choir,  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;  
 And distant warblings § lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire. [cloud  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine  
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

\* Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

† Shakspeare.

‡ Milton.

§ The succession of poets after Milton's time.

Enough for me: with joy I see  
 The different doom our Fates assign.  
 Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care:  
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."  
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

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## THE FATAL SISTERS. \*

AN ODE.

[*From the Norse-Tongue.*] ,

IN THE ORCADES OF THORMODUS TORPÆUS; HAFNIA,  
 1697, FOLIO; AND ALSO IN BARTHOLINUS.

Vitt er oprit fyrir valfalli, &amp;c.

Now the storm begins to lour,  
 (Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)  
 Iron-sleet of arrowy shower  
 Hurtles in the darken'd air.

\* The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies choosers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Glittering lances are the loom,  
 Where the dusky warp we strain,  
 Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,  
 ('T is of human entrails made,)  
 And the weights that play below,  
 Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,  
 Shoot the trembling cords along ;  
 Sword, that once a monarch bore,  
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,  
 Sangrida, and Hilda, see,  
 Join the wayward work to aid :  
 'T is the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy Sun be set,  
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)  
 Let us go, and let us fly,  
 Where our friends the conflict share,  
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,  
 Wading through th' ensanguin'd field ;  
 Gondula, and Geira, spread  
 O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to Slaughter give,  
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :  
 Spite of danger he shall live :  
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach  
 Pent within its bleak domain,  
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound :  
 Fate demands a nobler head ;  
 Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,  
 Ne'er again his likeness see ;  
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
 Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,  
 Clouds of carnage blot the Sun.  
 Sisters, weave the web of death ;  
 Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !  
 Songs of joy and triumph sing !  
 Joy to the victorious bands ;  
 Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
 Learn the tenour of our song.  
 Scotland, through each winding vale  
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed ;  
 Each her thundering falchion wield ;  
 Each bestride her sable steed :  
 Hurry, hurry to the field.

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## THE DESCENT OF ODIN

AN ODE.

[*From the same.*]

IN BARTHOLINUS, DE CAUSIS CONTEMNENDÆ MORTIS ;  
 HAFNLÆ, 1689, QUARTO.

Upreis Odinn allda gauir, &amp;c.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,  
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed  
 Down the yawning steep he rode,  
 That leads to Hela's \* drear abode.  
 Him the Dog of Darkness spied,  
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
 Foam and human gore distill'd ;  
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;  
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
 The father of the powerful spell.

\* Nifheimr, the Hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle : over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

c c 2

Onward still his way he takes,  
 (The groaning Earth beneath him shakes,  
 Till full before his fearless eyes  
 The portals nine of Hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
 By the moss-grown pile he sate ;  
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
 The dust of the prophetic maid.  
 Facing to the northern clime,  
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;  
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;  
 Till from out the hollow ground  
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound. [sume,

*Pr.* What call unknown, what charms pre-  
 To break the quiet of the tomb ?  
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
 And drags me from the realms of night ?  
 Long on these mouldering bones have beat  
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
 The drenching dews, and driving rain !  
 Let me, let me sleep again.  
 Who is he, with voice unblest,  
 That calls me from the bed of rest ?

*O.* A traveller, to thee unknown,  
 Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;  
 Tell me what is done below,  
 For whom yon glittering board is spread,  
 Drest for whom yon golden bed ?

*Pr.* Mantling in the goblet see  
 The pure beverage of the bee,

O'er it hangs the shield of gold;  
 'T is the drink of Balder bold :  
 Balder's head to death is given,  
 Pain can reach the sons of Heaven !  
 Unwilling I my lips unclose :  
 Leave me, leave me, to repose.

*O.* Once again my call obey,  
 Prophetess, arise, and say,  
 What dangers Odin's child await,  
 Who the author of his fate ?

*Pr.* In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;  
 His brother sends him to the tomb.  
 Now my weary lips I close :  
 Leave me, leave me, to repose.

*O.* Prophetess, my spell obey :  
 Once again arise, and say,  
 Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
 By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt ?

*Pr.* In the caverns of the west,  
 By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,  
 A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,  
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
 Nor see the Sun's departing beam :  
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile  
 Flaming on the funeral pile.  
 Now my weary lips I close :  
 Leave me, leave me, to repose.

*O.* Yet awhile my call obey,  
 Prophetess, awake, and say,  
 What virgins these, in speechless woe,  
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,

That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils, that float in air.  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :  
Then I leave thee to repose.

*Pr.* Ha ! no traveller art thou,  
King of Men, I know thee now,  
Mightiest of a mighty line. —

*O.* No boding maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor prophetess of good ;  
But mother of the giant-brood !

*Pr.* Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall inquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again ;  
Till Lok \* has burst his ten-fold chain.  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has re-assum'd her ancient right ;  
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

\* Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and Sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, quarto.

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## THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.\*

## A FRAGMENT.

FROM MR. EVANS'S SPECIMENS OF THE WELSH POETRY;  
LONDON, 1764, QUARTO.

Owen's praise demands my song,  
Owen swift, and Owen strong ;  
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,  
Gwyneth's † shield, and Britain's gem.  
He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
Nor all profusely pours ;  
Lord of every regal art,  
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
Squadrons three against him came ;  
This the force of Eirin hiding,  
Side by side as proudly riding,  
On her shadow long and gay  
Lochlin ‡ plows the watery way :  
There the Norman sails afar  
Catch the winds, and join the war ;  
Black and huge along they sweep,  
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
The dragon-son § of Mona stands ;

\* Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 112. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North Wales.

‡ Denmark.

§ The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader which all his descendants bore on their banner.

In glittering arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his ruby crest.  
There the thundering strokes begin,  
There the press, and there the din ;  
Talymalfra's rocky shore  
Echoing to the battle's roar,  
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
Thousand banners round him burn.  
Where he points his purple spear,  
Hasty, hasty rout is there,  
Marking with indignant eye  
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.  
There Confusion, Terrour's child,  
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,  
Agony, that pants for breath,  
Despair and honourable Death.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

## TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

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TOBIAS SMOLLETT, well known in his time for the variety and multiplicity of his publications, was born in 1720, at Dalquhurn, in the county of Dumbarton. He was educated under a surgeon in Glasgow, where he also attended the medical lectures of the University ; and at this early period he gave some specimens of a talent for writing verses. As it is on this ground that he has obtained a place in the present collection, we shall pass over his various characters of surgeon's mate, physician, historiographer, politician, miscellaneous writer, and especially novellist, and consider his claims as a minor poet of no mean rank. He will be found, in this collection, as the author of "The Tears of Scotland," the "Ode to Leven-Water," and some other short pieces, which are polished, tender, and picturesque ; and, especially, of an "Ode to Independence," which aims at a loftier flight, and perhaps has few superiors in the lyric style.

Smollett married a lady of Jamaica : he was, unfortunately, of an irritable disposition, which involved him in frequent quarrels, and finally shortened his life. He died in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, in October, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age.

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

**M**OURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more,  
Invite the stranger to the door ;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war ;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks :  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,  
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day :  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night :

No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
The sons against their fathers stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat ;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow :  
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !”

## ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love ;  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source ;  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;  
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;  
The springing trout in speckled pride ;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;  
The silver eel, and mottled par.\*  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,  
And Industry imbrown'd with toil,  
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

\* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

## ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

## STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share !  
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
 'Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.  
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying  
 clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul  
 With frantic Superstition for his guide,  
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,  
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :  
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
 In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow ;  
 And red the stream began to flow :  
 The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood.

## ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horrour fled  
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;  
 And Liberty his routed legions led  
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
 There in a cave asleep she lay,  
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;  
 When a bold savage past that way,  
 Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.

Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :  
 The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;  
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;  
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.  
 He stopt : he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,  
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms :  
 He seiz'd the advantage Fate allow'd ;  
 And straight compress'd her in his vig'rous arms.

## STROPHE.

The curlieu scream'd, the Tritons blew  
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;  
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;  
 And Independence saw the light.  
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,  
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born —  
 The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,  
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;  
 The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy ;  
 The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.  
 As rolling years matur'd his age,  
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire ;  
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage  
 The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he wing'd his way,  
 And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
 The rolls of right eternal to display,  
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.

On desert isles it was he that rais'd  
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd  
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.  
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms  
 To burst the Iberian's double chain ;  
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,  
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.  
 He, with the generous rustics, sate  
 On Uri's rocks in close divan \* ;  
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,  
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

## STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,  
 Where blasted nature pants supine,  
 Conductor of her tribes adust,  
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine ;  
 And many a Tartar hor'd forlorn, aghast !  
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing ;  
 And taught amidst the dreary waste  
 The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.  
 He virtue finds, like precious ore,  
 Diffus'd thro' every baser mould,  
 Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,  
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.  
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :  
 My lips by him chastis'd to truth,  
 Ne'er pay'd that homage which the heart denies.

\* Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,  
 Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,  
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread ;  
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.  
 Where Insolence his wrinkl'd front uprears,  
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow ;  
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow :  
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,  
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth ;  
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,  
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

## STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,  
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest :  
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,  
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;  
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay ;  
 And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;  
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene ;  
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,  
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,  
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts  
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,  
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,  
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.

There Study shall with Solitude recline ;  
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains ;  
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine  
The slender chord that fluttering life sustains :  
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;  
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;  
And Industry supply the humble store ;  
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed :  
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,  
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;  
And Independence o'er the day preside,  
Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

## GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

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GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON, born at Hagley, in Jan. 1708-9, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart. of the same place. He received his early education at Eton, whence he was sent to Christ-church College, in Oxford. In both of these places he was distinguished for classical literature, and some of his poems which we have borrowed were the fruits of his juvenile studies. In his nineteenth year, he set out on a tour to the Continent; and some of the letters which he wrote during this absence to his father are pleasing proofs of his sound principles, and his unreserved confidence in a revered parent. He also wrote a poetical epistle to Dr. Ayscough, his Oxford tutor, which is one of the best of his works. On his return from abroad he was chosen representative in parliament for the borough of Oakhampton; and being warmed with that patriotic ardour which rarely fails to inspire the bosom of an ingenuous youth, he became a distinguished partisan of opposition-politics, whilst his father was a supporter of the ministry, then ranged under the banners of Walpole. When Frederic Prince of Wales, having quarrelled with the court, formed a separate court of his own, in 1737, Lyttel-

ton was appointed secretary to the Prince, with an advanced salary. At this time Pope bestowed his praise upon our patriot in an animated couplet :

Free as young Lyttelton her cause pursue,  
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.

In 1741, he married Lucy, the daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. a lady for whom he entertained the purest affection, and with whom he lived in unabated conjugal harmony. Her death in child-bed, in 1747, was lamented by him in a "Monody," which stands prominent among his poetical works, and displays much natural feeling, amidst the more elaborate strains of a poet's imagination. So much may suffice respecting his productions of this class, which are distinguished by the correctness of their versification, the elegance of their diction, and the delicacy of their sentiments. His miscellaneous pieces, and his history of Henry II., the last, the work of his age, have each their appropriate merits, but may here be omitted.

The death of his father, in 1751, produced his succession to the title and a large estate; and his taste for rural ornament rendered Hagley one of the most delightful residences in the kingdom. At the dissolution of the ministry, of which he composed a part, in 1759, he was rewarded with elevation to the peerage, by the style of Baron Lyttelton of Frankley, in the county of Worcester. He died of a lingering disorder, which he bore with pious resignation, in August 1773, in the 64th year of his age.

## THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

1. Uncertainty. To Mr. Pope.
2. Hope. To the Hon. George Doddington.
3. Jealousy. To Edward Walpole, Esq.
4. Possession. To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Cobham.

## UNCERTAINTY.

ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

Pope, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,  
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid ;  
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,  
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays ;  
 Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,  
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing :  
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again  
 The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain ?  
 Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate  
 The various changes of a lover's state ;  
 And, while each turn of passion I pursue,  
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true ?  
 To the green margin of a lonely wood,  
 Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,  
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,  
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid :  
 His flock, far off, unfed, unintended, lay,  
 To every savage a defenceless prey ;

No sense of interest could their master move,  
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.  
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,  
But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-  
plain'd ;

At length the thoughts, within his bosom pent,  
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

“ Ye nymphs,” he cried, “ ye Dryads, who so long  
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;  
For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts  
Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts ;  
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,  
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.  
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage  
No factions here can form, no wars can wage :  
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,  
Nor Calumny your innocence invades :  
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,  
Too often violates your boasted rest ;  
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,  
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

“ Ah, luckless day ! when first with fond surprise  
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes !  
Then in wild tumults all my soul was lost,  
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :  
And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,  
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.  
Then too she smil'd : can smiles our peace destroy,  
Those lovely children of Content and Joy ?  
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe  
From the same spring at the same moment flow ?  
Unhappy boy ! these vain inquiries cease,  
Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace .

Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,  
And soothe the pain thou know'st not how to cure.  
Come, flattering Memory ! and tell my heart  
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art  
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,  
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.  
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band ;  
To me alone she gave her willing hand :  
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,  
Still in my song found something to admire.  
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,  
By none but her my brows with ivy bound :  
The world, that Damon was her choice, believ'd,  
The world, alas ! like Damon, was deceiv'd.  
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire  
In words as soft as passion could inspire,  
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,  
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.  
The frightened hind, who sees his ripen'd corn  
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,  
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,  
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.  
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,  
To have my faithful service thus repaid ?  
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,  
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd ?  
Or did you only nurse my growing love,  
That with more pain I might your hatred prove ?  
Sure guilty treachery no place could find  
In such a gentle, such a generous mind :  
A maid brought up the woods and wilds among  
Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young :

No ; let me rather think her anger feign'd,  
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd ;  
'T was only modesty that seem'd disdain,  
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-sick  
boy

Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy ;  
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,  
When now the setting Sun more fiercely burn'd,  
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,  
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

### *HOPE.*

#### ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE  
REGIS.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,  
Like those that warbling hail the genial Spring.  
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds :  
From Love alone their melody proceeds.  
From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,  
Learn'd the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.  
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,  
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart :  
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine  
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,  
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,  
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,  
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

“ Blest be the hour,” he said, “ that happy hour,  
When first I own’d my Delia’s gentle power ;  
Then gloomy discontent and pining care  
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there ;  
Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,  
Delightful languors, and transporting fires.  
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,  
These eyes first gaz’d upon the charming maid ;  
There she appear’d, on that auspicious day,  
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :  
She led the dance — Heavens ! with what grace she  
mov’d !

Who could have seen her then, and not have lov’d ?  
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,  
But gloried in a happy captive’s name ;  
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,  
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

“ And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy ?  
Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy ?  
Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store ?  
Or hast thou never prov’d his fatal power ?  
Whence flow’d those tears that late bedew’d thy  
cheek ?

Why sigh’d thy heart as if it strove to break ?  
Why were the desert rocks invok’d to hear  
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair ?  
From Delia’s rigour all those pains arose,  
Delia, who now compassionates my woes,  
Who bids me *hope* ; and in that charming word  
Has peace and transport to my soul restor’d.

“ Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay ;  
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay ;

A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,  
Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content.  
No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,  
Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows :  
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire ;  
I from her lips my recompense require.

“ Why stays my Delia in her secret bower ?  
Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower ;  
Th' emerging Sun more bright his beams extends ;  
Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends !  
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay :  
The birds renew their songs on every spray !  
Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown :  
All nature smiles. — Will only Delia frown ?

“ Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,  
While every flower of every sweet they drain :  
See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,  
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep :  
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,  
If with my fond desires my love comply ;  
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,  
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

“ Ah ! how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?  
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?  
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,  
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;  
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,  
And bears the fortunate Canaries' name ;  
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,  
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.  
Accept of this ; and could I add beside  
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide :

If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,  
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.  
But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,  
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove :  
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,  
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite  
swain.

For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,  
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,  
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray  
His music calls to dance the night away.  
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,  
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,  
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,  
And let her often hear her shepherd's name :  
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,  
And show my merits in the fairest light ;  
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,  
And every friend shall claim a different lay.

“ But see ! in yonder glade the heavenly fair  
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air —  
Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet ;  
Adieu, my pipe ; I go my love to meet —  
O, may I find her as we parted last,  
And may each future hour be like the past !  
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,  
Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.”

## JEALOUSY.

## ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere ;  
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear :  
Of all the passions that employ the mind,  
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find :  
Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,  
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.  
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart  
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart !  
For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,  
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,  
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head  
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)  
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares opprest ;  
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast —  
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields  
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields ;  
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,  
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood ;  
Here, half-conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,  
A castle there the opening plain commands ;  
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,  
And distant hills the wide horizon bound :  
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain  
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain :

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart  
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart :  
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,  
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,  
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,  
Like these neglected roses, droop and fade !  
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace,  
That triumphs now in that deluding face !  
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,  
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !

" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,  
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?  
Tell me what charms you in my rival find,  
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind ?  
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove  
To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?  
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,  
And died with grief at each ungentle word ?  
Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;  
He pleased you, by not studying to please :  
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;  
And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

" O pain to think ! another shall possess  
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press :  
Another on her panting breast shall lie,  
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—  
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,  
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead :  
Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,  
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !  
Where'er they pass'd, be blasted every flower,  
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—

Ah, wretched swain, could no examples move  
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?  
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas died  
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?  
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,  
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phoebus lov'd in vain;  
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid;  
And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.  
Would I could die like him, and be at peace!  
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;  
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,  
And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.  
No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:  
Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—  
Alas! what aid, fond swain, wouldest thou receive?  
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?  
Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know  
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:  
I ask no vengeance from the powers above;  
All I implore is never more to love.—  
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,  
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.  
Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;  
Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:  
No turbulence of passion shall destroy  
My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.  
Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye sylvans, hear  
What by your guardian deities I swear;  
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,  
No more I'll court the traitress to my arms;  
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,  
And she shall find that reason conquers love!"—

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below  
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;  
 At once transported, he forgot his vow,  
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow !)  
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;  
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

## POSSESSION.

## ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,  
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing :  
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,  
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening  
 plains :  
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [dear ;  
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were  
 Recall those years which Time has thrown behind,  
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind :  
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight  
 Delighted less than one successful night.  
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,  
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er ;  
 And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,  
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,  
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood.  
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,  
 In friendly league to favour human kind.  
 With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,  
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.

Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,  
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,  
Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,  
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.  
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,  
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame :  
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,  
And thus to both his grateful homage paid :  
“ Hail, bounteous god ! before whose hallow'd shrine  
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,  
While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,  
Sweet virgin-modesty reluctant strove !  
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires !  
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,  
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,  
As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

“ O the dear bloom of last propitious night !  
O shade more charming than the fairest light !  
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,  
Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;  
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,  
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.  
Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida's grove,  
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love ;  
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,  
Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade :  
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,  
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

“ What are ye now, my once most valued joys ?  
Inspid trifles all, and childish toys —  
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,  
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

“ Ye Muses, skill’d in every winning art,  
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;  
Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,  
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring :  
On all her days let health and peace attend ;  
May she ne’er want, nor ever lose, a friend !  
May some new pleasure every hour employ :  
But let her Damon be her highest joy !

“ With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,  
All night caress thee, and admire all day ;  
In the same field our mingled flocks we ’ll feed,  
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,  
Together will we share the harvest toils,  
Together press the vine’s autumnal spoils.  
Delightful state, where Peace and Love combine,  
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !  
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads ;  
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads ;  
Here let me wear my careless life away,  
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

“ When late old age our heads shall silver o’er,  
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;  
When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,  
And only Damon’s eye shall think thee fair ;  
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,  
At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath !  
May we beneath one common stone be laid,  
And the same cypress both our ashes shade !  
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,  
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse ;  
And future ages, with just envy mov’d,  
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov’d.”

## TO THE REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away ?  
 What pleasing study cheats the tedious day ?  
 Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore  
 Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,  
 Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,  
 At once exalts and polishes the mind ?  
 How different from our modern guilty art,  
 Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;  
 Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,  
 And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !  
 Dost thou in sage historians joy to see  
 How Roman greatness rose with liberty :  
 How the same hands that tyrants durst control  
 Their empire stretched from Atlas to the Pole ;  
 Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd  
 The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?  
 Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,  
 Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire ;  
 Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,  
 And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows ;  
 'Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,  
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,  
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,  
 The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome ?  
 Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,  
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?  
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end  
 To which alone the wise their studies bend ;

For which alone by Nature were design'd  
 The powers of thought — to benefit mankind ?  
 Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze,  
 In undeserving, undeserv'd, répose ;  
 But reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear  
 Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear ;  
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind  
 Those pedant chains that clog the free-born mind.  
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !  
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;  
 Nor vext with pangs that busier bosoms tear,  
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care ;  
 Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain  
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent ;  
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;  
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,  
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster \* thus supports his drooping age,  
 Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage ;  
 He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,  
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,  
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest  
 guide !

O generous warinth ! O sanctity divine !  
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine :  
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown ;  
 Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown ;  
 Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,  
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state :

\* Bishop Hough.

To errour mild, to vice alone severe,  
Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.  
The priest who plagues the world can never mend :  
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.  
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain ;  
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,  
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age ;  
In various knowledge to improve my youth,  
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth ;  
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,  
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend ;  
The useful science of the world to know,  
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,  
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,  
Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,  
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear :  
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,  
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,) From each low tool of power, content receive  
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.  
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest ;  
Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though op-  
prest)

With happy follies rise above their fate,  
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport  
In the short sunshine of a favouring court :  
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,  
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,  
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,  
By flattering incense to his master's fame.

Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd  
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;  
 By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,  
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.  
 Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire  
 Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire !  
 Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move  
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey  
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;  
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,  
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' opprest and poor ;  
 Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,  
 And painted triumphs style Ambition **great.** \*  
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,  
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew † ;  
 Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,  
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried !)  
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,  
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,  
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡ :  
 Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,  
 In the wild riot of unbounded power ;  
 Where feverish debauch and impious love  
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,  
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;

\* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted  
 in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind  
 From present joys to dearer left behind.  
 O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat !  
 At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat ;  
 At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,  
 And all my country on my soul returns.  
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain  
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain ?  
 When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth  
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth ?  
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,  
 Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,  
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,  
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet, oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,  
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;  
 Bids me contemplate every state around,  
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;  
 Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glory see :  
 And tells me, " These, like England, once were  
 free ! "

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### SONG.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
 I would approach, but dare not move :  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
 No other voice but hers can hear,  
 No other wit but hers approve :  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other youth commend,  
 Though I was once his fondest friend,  
 His instant enemy I prove :  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I do more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,  
 Her nets she spread for every swain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

---

### SONG

THE heavy hours are almost past  
 That part my love and me :  
 My longing eyes may hope at last  
 Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you 've lost so long ?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare  
 Your heart is still the same ;  
 And heal each idly-anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 When shortly we shall meet ;  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove ;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love :

All I of Venus ask, is this ;  
 No more to let us join :  
 But grant me here the flattering bliss,  
 To die, and think you mine.

—  
SONG.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love  
 A stranger to that mind,  
 Which pity and esteem can move,  
 Which can be just and kind ?

Is it, because you fear to share  
 The ills that love molest ;  
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
 That rack the amorous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe  
 We every bliss must gain :  
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
 That never feels a pain.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE FIRST LADY LYTTELTON.  
A MONODY.

Ipse cavà solans ægrum testudine amorem,  
Te duleis conjux, te solo in littore secum,  
Te veniente die, te decadente canebat.

At length escap'd from every human eye,  
From every duty, every care,  
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,  
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry ;  
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,  
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,  
And pour forth all my stores of grief ;  
Of grief surpassing every other woe,  
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love  
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,  
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move  
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,  
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,  
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,  
Oft have you my Lucy seen !  
But never shall you now behold her more :  
Nor will she now with fond delight  
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.  
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,  
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine  
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice  
 To hear her heavenly voice ;  
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,  
 The sweetest songsters of the spring :  
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more :  
 The nightingale was mute,  
 And every shepherd's flute  
 Was cast in silent scorn away,  
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.  
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song,  
 And thou, melodious Philomel,  
 Again thy plaintive story tell ;  
 For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,  
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel

In vain I look around  
 O'er all the well-known ground,  
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;  
 Where oft we us'd to walk,  
 Where oft in tender talk  
 We saw the summer Sun go down the sky ;  
 Nor by yon fountain's side,  
 Nor where its waters glide  
 Along the valley, can she now be found :  
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound  
 No more my mournful eye  
 Can aught of her espy,  
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?  
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.

You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts  
Where female vanity might wish to shine,  
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.  
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :  
    To your sequester'd dales  
    And flower-embroider'd vales  
From an admiring world she chose to fly :  
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,  
    The silent paths of wisdom trod,  
And banish'd every passion from her breast,  
    But those, the gentlest and the best,  
Whose holy flames with energy divine  
    The virtuous heart enliven and improve,  
    The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,  
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns  
    By your delighted mother's side,  
    Who now your infant steps shall guide ?  
Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care  
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,  
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of  
    truth ?  
    O loss beyond repair !  
    O wretched father ! left alone,  
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !  
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,  
    And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
    Perform the duties that you doubly owe !  
    Now she, alas ! is gone,  
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save ?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate  
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore ;  
     From these fond arms, that vainly strove  
     With hapless ineffectual love  
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow ?  
     Could not your favouring power, Aonian  
     maids,  
     Could not, alas ! your power prolong her date,  
     For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,  
     Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,  
     You open'd all your sacred store,  
     Whate'er your ancient sages taught,  
     Your ancient bards sublimely thought,  
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit  
     glow ?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,  
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,  
 Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play ;  
     Nor then on Mincio's bank \*  
     Beset with osiers dank,  
 Nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle stream,  
 Nor where through hanging woods,  
     Steep Anio ‡ pours his floods,

\* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

Nor yet where Meles\* or Ilissus† stra  
 Ill does it now beseem,  
 That, of your guardian care bereft,  
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,  
 When light fantastic toys  
 Are all her sex's joys, [Rome;  
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and  
 And all that in her latter days  
 To emulate her ancient praise  
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;  
 Or what the Gallic fire  
 Bright sparkling could inspire,  
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;  
 Or what in Britain's isle,  
 Most favour'd with your smile,  
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd  
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?  
 Ah ! what is now the use  
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,  
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name  
 'T is yours from death to save,  
 And in the temple of immortal Fame  
 With golden characters her worth engrave.

\* The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.

† The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come,  
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:  
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,  
 With accents sweet and sad,  
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn  
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn ;  
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay  
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face  
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace :  
 How eloquent in every look  
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!  
 Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,  
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,  
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree  
 With candid Truth's simplicity,  
 And uncorrupted Innocence !  
 Tell how to more than manly sense  
 She join'd the softening influence  
 Of more than female tenderness :  
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,  
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,  
 Her kindly-melting heart,  
 To every want and every woe,  
 To guilt itself when in distress,  
 The balm of pity would impart,  
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !  
 Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life  
 Beneath the bloody knife,  
 Her gentle tears would fall,  
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,  
 But strong and elevated was her mind :  
     A spirit that with noble pride  
     Could look superior down  
     On Fortune's smile or frown ;  
 That could without regret or pain  
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;  
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried  
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,  
 But by magnanimous disdain.  
 A wit that, temperately bright,  
     With inoffensive light  
     All pleasing shone ; nor ever past  
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,  
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,  
     And bashful Modesty, before it cast.  
 A prudence undeviating, undeviating,  
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd,  
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,  
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.  
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,  
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,  
     In life's and glory's freshest bloom, [tomb.  
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the  
  
 So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,  
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,  
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,  
 And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,  
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head :  
 From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,  
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;

With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,  
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian queen.  
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,  
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,  
Cold with perpetual snows : [dies.  
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,  
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,  
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,  
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;  
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,  
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,  
To the soft notes of elegant desire,  
With which o'er many a land  
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;  
To me resign the vocal shell,  
And teach my sorrows to relate  
Their melancholy tale so well,  
As may ev'n things inanimate,  
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?  
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band  
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;  
The joys of wedded love were never thine :  
In thy domestic care  
She never bore a share,  
Nor with endearing art  
Would heal thy wounded heart  
Of every secret grief that fester'd there :  
Nor did her fond affection on the bed  
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head

Whole nights on her unweari'd arm sustain,  
 And charm away the sense of pain :  
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame  
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me  
 Than when thy virgin charms  
 Were yielded to my arms,  
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?  
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,  
 Abandon'd and alone,  
 Without my sweet companion can I live ?  
 Without thy lovely smile,  
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,  
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give ?  
 Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,  
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts  
 could raise.

For my distracted mind  
 What succour can I find ?  
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?  
 Support me, every friend ;  
 Your kind assistance lend,  
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.  
 Alas ! each friend of mine,  
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,  
 That none has any comfort to bestow.  
 My books, the best relief  
 In every other grief,  
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all :  
 Each favourite author we together read  
 My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy  
 dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :  
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,  
     And back return'd again ;  
 Another and another smiling came,  
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain :  
     Still in her golden chain  
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :  
     Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.  
     O fatal, fatal stroke,  
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd  
     Of rare felicity,  
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,  
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,  
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,  
     In one sad moment broke ! —  
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay ;  
 Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,  
     Or against his supreme decree  
     With impious grief complain.  
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,  
 Was his most righteous will — and be that will  
     obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,  
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain  
     Her pure exalted soul  
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?  
 No — rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise  
     Up to that unclouded blaze,  
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,  
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees  
     How frail, how insecure, how slight,

Is every mortal bliss ;  
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees  
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,  
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,  
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.  
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,  
And seek those regions of serene delight,  
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate  
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.  
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,  
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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